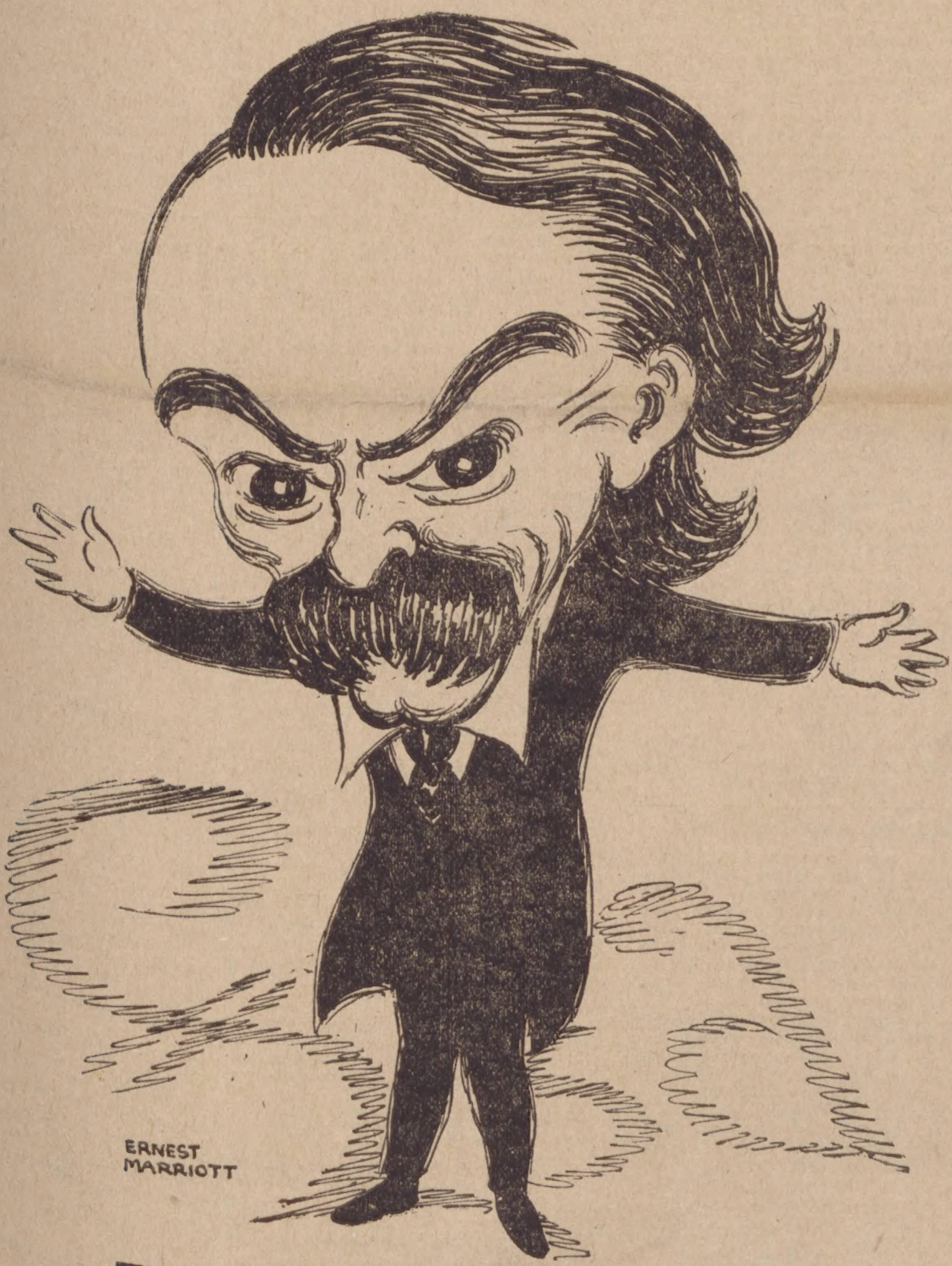
The Modern Man

A Weekly Journal of General Interest.

No. 193. WEEK ENDING JULY 13TH, 1912. ONE PENNY.



THE MODERN OLIVER TWIST.

READERS' SALE and EXCHANGE.

All advertisements are subject to the revision of the Sales Editor, and the right is reserved of refusing to accept an advertisement without assigning a reason.

In replying to an advertisement with a box number, put your reply in a stamped envelope and write the box number on the top left-hand corner. Enclose this envelope in another, addressed to the Sales Editor, who will at once fill in the advertiser's address and forward it to him. If no reply is received, you must assume that the article has been already sold.

In no case should a stamp be enclosed to an advertiser for reply; neither should payment be made to strangers without due caution. It is advisable to send money by a post-dated Order, so that payment can be stopped if the article sent on approval is not satisfactory, or if the bargain is not completed.

There are many things which you would like to sell. Make out a brief announcement, enclose with it a Postal Order reckoned at a penny a word, made payable to the Sales Editor, and crossed "& Co.," with a minimum of 1s. for any single advertisement, and post it to the Sales Editor, THE MODERN MAN, 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The Sales Editor does not hold himself responsible for any sales or exchanges arranged through these columns; neither goods nor payment for goods can be received at these offices.

DRESS.

Shoddy Clothes are bad value, wear the best; it need not cost you more; write or call on W. W. Hedgecoe and Co., Stylish Suits from 35s.—Private Tailors, West End Cutting Experts, 147, Holborn Bars, E.C. (2 doors from Gray's Inn Road).

Coat-hanger and trousers-stretcher combined; a bargain, 1s. 6d., post free.—Box 3979, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Blue serge suit, cost 60s., 20s.; black lounge coat and vest, cost 55s., 25s.; fawn, dust coat, cost 45s., 20s.; all quite new; superior; want cash.—T. Estcotte, 2, Rutland Villas, Boreham Road, Wood Green.

Trouser Press for sale; brand new, never been used; no further use for same; honestly worth 15s.; take 6s.—Box 9103, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Bargains.—One dark striped overcoat, suit man 5ft. 11in., 42in. chest, 12s.; also strapped whipcord riding breeches, 6s. 6d.; leggings to match, 3s.—Box 9161, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

One and a half dozen double collars, in excellent condition, size 15½, 2¼in. deep; bargain 3s. 3d. the lot.—Box No. 9102, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

The McKinley "Mac.," 16s. 6d., carriage paid. The ideal waterproof for Spring wear. Made from light-weight fawn waterproof coating in the fashionable Raglan style, and guaranteed. Wonderful value. Ready for service in all sizes and lengths. Send height and chest measure (over jacket) with remittance. Money returned in full if not approved.—C. and G. McKinley, Tailoring Dept., 7, Gresham Street, London. E.C.

For particulars of the new "Modern Man" badge, see page 1129.

SPORTS AND PASTIMES.

Caravan, with or without horse and harness, fitted complete with clean linen, cutlery, and crockery, to let for season or period for two or three leaguers, or married couple; grand opportunity to spend unconventional but health-giving holiday at fashionable resort, or on the road.—Apply, Dent, Caravan, Hunstanton.

Canoe, seating 3 comfortably, in perfect condition, with fittings, complete, one of the most admired on river, £10 10s.—Box 9165, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Wanted, 10½ft. greenheart spinning rod, good condition and cheap.—Box 9166, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Gentleman's 25in. Aero special £11 11s. Rudge Whitworth, 3-speed, new tyres, only soiled, £10 5s., or offer.—Box 9167, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

MEDICAL, &c.

Blood purifier. Keep you in perfect health; one of the finest known recipes on the market. Recipe with full particulars, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box 4630, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Marvellous hair grower, restores grey hair to its natural colour; absolutely genuine, results certain; recipe, post free, 1s. 1d.—Box No. 9172, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Absolute Genuine Moustache Grower, known to grow a moustache in a few weeks. Advertiser will be pleased to send recipe and full particulars to all sending P.O., value 1s. 1d.—Box 8029, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Why suffer with Piles? Buer Mul-la and Powder is a safe, certain, and speedy cure; cures permanently the worst cases. Send two stamps for free sample.—Prof. Buer, 52/1, Exchange Buildings, Southwark Street, S.E.

Your Teeth as White as Snow. The best powder in the world. Recipe for P.O. 1s.—Box 4161, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Certain Cure for Falling Hair and Dandruff; recipe P.O. 1s.—Box 4160, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

One of the finest known tonics for all nervous disorders, headache, indigestion, etc., etc.; recipe, 1s. 1d. P.O.—Box 9173, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

PHYSICAL CULTURE.

Inch two-guinea course, all letters, charts, books, expander, 3 detachable stands, new condition; postal order, 10s. 6d.—Box 9162, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

For increasing the height see Arthur Girvan's advt., page 1130.

Strong Will Power, and how to obtain it. See The St. Settef Institute announcement on page 1130.

EDUCATIONAL.

Volumes of "Answers" and "Tit-Bits" wanted about 10 to 12 years old.—Write in first case Box No. 9100, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"How to Make a Speech."—Learn the art of public speaking and become a leader of men. Develop your mental power and personality. Our interesting pamphlet gives valuable information. Sent gratis and post free.—London Institute, Holborn Hall, London, W.C.

Clerks: Send postcard to-day for free interesting booklet on the famous "New Rapid" course of practical book keeping. Study becomes a pleasure. Sent free.—Book-keeping, Holborn Hall College, London, W.C.

SITUATIONS VACANT AND WANTED.

Sloan-Duployan "New Rapid" high-speed Shorthand saves a year's study. Learned in twelve easy lessons. Eighty words per minute in four weeks. Used by fastest official Parliamentary Reporters daily. Holds the world's speed record. Simple, rapid, legible, practical. New illustrated handbook, with testimonials and specimen lesson, gratis and post free.—Shorthand Association, Holborn Hall, London, W.C. Telephone 6111 Holborn.

For High-grade Positions see Hapgood's advertisement, page 1132.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A Fountain Pen for 7d.; post free. Our latest invention, the "Swift" Fountain Pen, is an absolutely world's wonder; always ready for use; best finish.—Send P.O. or stamps 7d. to-day to Box 4597, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Records: About 70 cylinder records, all different (songs, bands, dances, etc.) in good condition, with small but serviceable phonograph, producer and three reproducers. No reasonable offer refused.—Box 9160, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

"The Modern Man" pocket knife, a treasure, two fine steel blades, in fine English oxydised steel handles, best make, post free 1s. 1½d.; money returned in full if not satisfied.—Box 4596, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

5,000 to clear. 7s. 6d. safety razor with extra blades, 1s. 1d., post free.—Box 4604, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

A bargain, coat-hanger, with trouser-stretcher, new, post free P.O. 1s. 3d., or two for 2s. 9d., carriage paid.—Box 4595, "The Modern Man," 29, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

Safety Razors Reground, 1d. each. Gillette, Auto Strop, Clemak, Ever Ready, made equal to new, or cash cheerfully refunded. — The Wallor Blade Co., 36, Deneside Terrace, Bradford, Yorks.

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PEN COUPON.

Twelve of these Coupons and a Postal Order for 1s. buys one of THE MODERN MAN 10s. 6d. Fountain Pens, with 14-carat solid gold nib. For particulars see page 1136.

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The Modern Man

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CE TO CONTRIBUTORS.—The Editor is at all times ready to consider good topical articles and short stories (not to exceed 1,500 words), which must be legibly written or typed, on one side of the paper only, and must be accompanied by a stamped addressed envelope for return in case of rejection. The Editor does not hold himself responsible for the accidental loss of any contribution submitted on approval. Contributions will be paid for on publication, at our usual rates.

PLAIN SPEAKING.

e malcontents who have expressed their determination o obey the law in the matter of the new taxes, and to eir best to induce others to follow their example, would fest a better appreciation of constitutional government y took the advice of a prominent evening paper of unathetic views—namely, to agitate against the taxes, o pay them in the meantime.

* * *

"Reign of Terror."

all seriousness we seem to be living again in the days e Gordon riots, if the disgraceful scenes enacted in n Victoria Street some days ago by the striking dockers to be taken as a criterion of the prevailing spirit of ur; and it is sadly to be feared that they must.

* * *

me hundred strong, a horde of insurgents on their way Tower Hill to Hyde Park, dashed into a public-house d the Baynard Castle, and howled for beer. This was ed to them; but having drunk it, they refused to pay. climbed on the counters and seized bottles of spirits, which they also refused to pay, using language of such nce that the barmaids were too frightened to summon police.

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ventually when the gathering of sportsmen had slaked thirst and exhausted a considerable vocabulary once again formed into line, and continued their march wards.

* * *

ow much longer is this Reign of Terror to continue? undred years ago, when English cabinets were com- d of men and not elderly ladies, sedition-mongers would e swung at Tyburn. What our legislators at the present nent—not forgetting *you*, Mr. McKenna—really need is tle more pluck and decisiveness of action.

* * *

serves a Horsewhipping.

ever a man deserved a horsewhipping, William Guymer, was indicted at the London Sessions for neglecting his children, most certainly does. When this wretched ingerer lost his situation, his hard-working wife wrote the Queen, imploring her Majesty's intervention in behalf. With that kindly interest she is ever ready to nifest in even the most obscure of her royal husband's jects, and which has done so much to endear her to them, een Mary at once sent a messenger to Guymer's emyers, the result being that he was given work again.

The fellow's gratitude took the form of pretending to be ill at the end of a few days, and throwing up the situation he had thus regained through royal favour. The sentence passed upon him, of four months' hard labour, can scarcely be characterised as ferocious vindictiveness. It is the glaring ingratitude of such as he that tends to check the due exercise of royal beneficence. But we may be pretty sure that her Majesty will not allow herself to be affected in any way by this churlish failure to recognise and profit by her goodness.

* * *

The Wonderful Americans.

Heaven preserve us from American electioneering dodges! We can distinguish ourselves pretty capably in such things, but we draw the line at singing "Houn' Dawg" songs. Why the "Missouri Houn' Dawg" ditty should be associated with Mr. Champ Clark, one of the Presidential candidates, and why, when the Iowa Democratic State Convention was instructing its delegates to vote for him, a huge hound was led on to the platform and marched up and down while the Convention cheered itself into a state of voicelessness, isn't quite clear. But such and so it is.

* * *

Just take the refrain as a sample of the "Missouri Houn' Dawg" song:—

Ev'ry time I come to town,
The fellers keep kickin' my dawg aroun'.
I don't care if he is a houn',
They gotter stop kickin' my dawg aroun'.

As a specimen of "poetry," it makes one weep; as a piece of political significance, it resolves itself into a conundrum that runs the famous one enunciated by the Sphinx very close indeed. And yet thousands of hard-headed Yanks will sing it solemnly and sonorously in honour of an aspirant to the Presidency who isn't at all likely to "git thar"! A wonderful people, those "Amurricans."

* * *

Modern Medium for Cadgers.

The newspaper Press has become the modern medium for cadgers. Quite recently an enterprising morning paper started a scheme whereby its readers were cajoled into giving away old bicycles to needy sky-pilots; and one of the latter reverend gentlemen, on receiving an offer of a cycle from some reader with more generosity than commonsense, replied with delicious effrontery through the columns of the paper in question, that nothing less than a motor-bicycle would be of any use to him! I hope sincerely that he did not get it!

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Now an enterprising person from Stratford has succeeded in enlisting the sympathies of a London daily in order to procure a gramophone for himself for nothing. Moreover, some misguided individual has sent the journal ten shillings, which is to be spent on records for it.

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Perhaps the next step will take the form of strenuous journalistic efforts to stock Mr. Ben Tillet's cellar with a good selection of the best brands of champagne!

* * *

There's Nothing Like Leather.

"Boots, Westminster," would appear to be the Government's latest telegraphic address; for the controlling body of the vast British Empire has started a "shoe store," as our Yankee cousins would call it, on a sound profit-making business basis.

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The Admiralty has opened a boot depot, whence boots are sold to blue-jackets on board ship for 10s. 3d. per pair. As the things only cost the Admiralty 8s. 3d. per pair, it does not need much thought to see that the profit on each pair is 2s. Doubtless Mr. Lloyd-George—or is it Mr. Winston Churchill?—smacks his lips over this rare and refreshing boot—I mean fruit—but it admits of question whether the few thousand shillings made in profit in this way will reduce the National Debt to any great extent, or do any other particularly useful Imperial work.

* * *

Moreover, as the scheme is undoubtedly taking bread out of the mouths of the bona-fide ratepaying tradesmen who formerly supplied the blue-jacket's boots, this Government incursion into the realms of profit-grabbing strikes one as more than a little paltry.

In view of the fact that so much has been done of late to mitigate unreasonably the penalties due to crime, it is a positive relief to find that the grand jury at the Kent Assizes expressed the view that flogging should be added to the punishment for assaults on children, and that the Lord Chief Justice heartily concurred. There is still hope that we shall preserve our judicial and correctional sanity.

* * *

Seeking Counsel and Guidance.

To find the Bishop of London writing to the Archbishop of Canterbury for counsel and guidance, is just a little mystifying. He is every whit as able as is the Primate to decide what should be done in reference to the recent decision of the House of Lords against the claims of certain of the clergy to refuse Holy Communion to persons who have contracted marriage under the Deceased Wife's Sister Act. What, then, can be the effect aimed at in his petitioning the Archbishop to direct him?

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It must of course have something to do with their relative positions, for there can be very little doubt that if Dr. Winnington Ingram were Primate, and Dr. Randall Davidson Bishop of London, the former would not then apply to the latter for advice. Yet it isn't as if the See of London were really subject to that of Canterbury, because it isn't. It all seems so purposeless, therefore. Why *will* the great ones of the earth do things that tend to our mystification?

* * *

Made Themselves Ridiculous.

George Washington cut down a tree, and thereby made himself immortal. Dr. Stovin, the medical officer of Ilford, has performed a similar feat, and although his name won't go down to posterity in this connection, he is the centre just now of quite an important local agitation.

* * *

It is somewhat difficult to get at the rights of the matter; but it would appear that Dr. Stovin, in cutting down a tree in front of some property he had built, was held by the Borough Council to have done that which was no part of his public duty, and which derogated from the dignity of the position he held as medical representative of the said Council, who thereupon asked him to resign.

* * *

All honour to his thirty-two professional confreres within the limits of the Council's jurisdiction! Instead of welcoming the chance of stepping into his shoes which each of them may have seen in his deposition, they loyally combined in sending to the Council a memorial protesting against the drastic treatment to which he had been subjected, and demanding his reinstatement.

* * *

Let us hope they will gain their point. The Council may say with Shakespeare:—

O 'tis excellent to have a giant's strength!

They should remember, however, that he adds:—

But tyrannous to use it as a giant.

In the exercise of their strength they have made themselves ridiculous. If they persist in it, they will be tyrannical as well. And even borough councillors—or, rather, borough councillors especially—should exhibit that sweet reasonableness we all so much admire.

* * *

Grim Farces in the Courts.

The grimmest of grim farces is enacted from time to time in our criminal courts. Why does a judge condemn a woman to death when he knows very well that the sentence will never be carried into effect? That is farcical enough in all conscience; but what is to be thought of the proceeding when the judge deliberately tells the prisoner that the sentence he is about to pass will be a mere form of words, and then, donning the black cap, proceeds to assure her she will be hanged by the neck till she is dead? Yet this very thing happened only a week ago! It is high time, surely, for the stereotyped procedure of our courts to be amended in such a way as to prevent our judges from compulsorily being so gruesomely absurd.

Are Messrs. Tinlings, chartered accountants, of 13, bury Pavement, E.C., well-advised in announcing th Finsbury Circus, on July 15, at 1.15 p.m., they will publicly a copy of the National Insurance Act as a p against what, to them, is an ill-considered measure? mediaeval methods don't impress the popular imagin now-a-days. On the contrary, they are apt to bring ri upon those who have recourse to them, rather than upo object of their melodramatic resentment. Don't Messrs. Tinlings!

* * *

M.P.'s Quixotic Championship.

What's up with Mr. George Lansbury, M.P.? He the first of this kind to give us a glimpse of what P mentary procedure would be like if the House of Com consisted exclusively of such as he; but he might, considerable advantage to himself and to the caus represents, stop short at hysteria. A more extraord scene than that of which he was the central figure the day, has surely never been witnessed in the Lower Chan And all because the Government had taken measur prevent a parcel of silly women from committing sui

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What would Mr. George Lansbury have? If the o of his Quixotic championship had been suffered to themselves to death, he would have accused the Govern not merely of murdering, but of having actually murd So far from having been guilty of anything of the even in a contributory sense, they have prevented who *felo-de-se* by forcibly feeding the would-be suicides thus keeping them alive. Whereupon Mr. Lans frenziedly tells Mr. Asquith that he will go down to pos as the Prime Minister who tortured innocent women the sake of votes!

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If Mr. Lansbury were able to cut a sufficiently end figure on the political stage to warrant his being remem beyond the present generation, his reputation would be of having been the most conspicuously foolish man i House of Commons.

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Necessity for Consistency.

His notion seems to be that if an imprisoned Suffra will not voluntarily take sustenance, she is forthwith set at liberty. Yet why she, more than any other kin prisoner? Mr. Lansbury should try to be consistent to recognise that what is sauce for the Suffragette g ought to be sauce for the house-breaking gander also. what a pretty state of things! Where is the man or wo who, being in prison, would *not* endure a few hours' hun knowing that liberation would be the speedy consequen Do discard the cap and bells, Mr. Lansbury. Parliame not the place for them. Nowadays they are properly lim to the stage.

* * *

We live in a sceptical age. When an attack is m by an eminent authority, on a grateful and comfor beverage generally held to be highly nutritive, and c eminent authorities immediately rush forward to de the assailed, and when this is succeeded by a recrudesc of advertising matter concerning the beverage in quest what are we to think about it all? May there not have some "engineering" somewhere?

* * *

Rough on a Colonel.

There appears to be a big discrepancy between the v set upon a charger by the War Office and the appraisem by the owner who lets it out on hire. According to former, it is six-and-eight a day; in the estimation of latter, it may be as much as three guineas. That, at events is what Colonel Johnson, commanding the 9th Ha shire Regiment, was required to pay per diem for a cha he hired for two days during the Coronation.

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Objecting to the bill as excessive, and refusing to pay, was sued recently for six guineas. Even in the estima of the judge the price was rather stiffer than it ought have been, for he awarded the plaintiff one guinea shor

...he six. Nevertheless, it is still very rough on Colonel John-...on, for he has had to stump up, and, so far, the War Office ...has not given him the niggardly thirteen-and-fourpence it ...allows for two days' hire of a charger. Talk about thrift!

* * *

Sequel to an Escape.

If I were given to philosophic reflection, I probably should seek to explain certain magisterial doings by attributing them to an attack of dyspepsia or to recurring twinges of gout; and I am strongly inclined to suggest that no magistrate should be allowed to take his seat on the Bench until he has made a solemn asservation that, so far as general health and absence of pain are concerned, he is in the pink of condition.

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The jaundiced judgment that is coloured by a bilious attack does not represent the voice of justice—certainly not of justice tempered with mercy, as justice ought to be.

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How, except on some such grounds, are we to account for the sentence of two months' imprisonment recently passed on a young married woman, who stood in the dock with a baby in her arms, because she had, it was alleged, given asylum to a sister of hers who had escaped from an industrial school. Considering the relationship between her and the girl, what was more natural than that she should do so? Would police court justice have been satisfied if she had been so inhuman as to close her doors against the fugitive? Possibly.

* * *

It seems, however, that the heinous offence of obeying the dictates of sisterly love was not conclusively brought home to her, for she called witnesses who swore they had not seen the defaulting girl about the accused's house during the time she was alleged to have been there. Two months' imprisonment, notwithstanding! No wonder the unfortunate woman swooned in the dock on being sentenced. Is she to be allowed to suffer to the full extent so glaring a miscarriage of justice?

* * *

The Insurance Grievance.

Unlike some of its contemporaries, *Modern Man* is never backward in correcting any inaccuracy into which inadvertently it may have fallen. Last week it was suggested, on the strength of what may have been somewhat prematurely supplied information, that probably not one of the 45,000 who had applied for posts on the outdoor staff of the Health Commission established under the National Insurance Act, stood any chance of being engaged.

* * *

It appears, however, that actually 400 of the applicants were asked for an interview. After all, this does not very greatly improve the state of things. It is pretty safe to assume that not all the 400 have secured or will secure the hoped-for berths. To be interviewed is one thing, to satisfy the interviewers is another, especially when it is a matter of medical inspection, and the passing of a fairly stiff Civil Service examination. And 400 out of 45,000! Our plain-spoken criticism of last week still holds good.

* * *

"Fool" and his Excuse.

Mr. Fordham, the magistrate at West London Police Court, has been giving play to his rather caustic tongue. "I'm afraid I was a fool," was the excuse offered by a young man who was brought up before him on a charge of drunkenness; whereupon the awesome magisterial Presence uttered the solemn words "You must pay 7s. 6d. That is the fine for fools."

* * *

Why not a sliding scale, something like this:—

	£ s. d.
Fools	0 7 6
Infernal Fools	0 10 0
Jocose Magistrates ...	5 0 0

It is, as the French say, an idea like any other.

THE MAN OF THE MOMENT.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE.

Probably no man is better worth understanding and more misunderstood than Mr. Lloyd George, the irrepressible British Chancellor of the Exchequer. But he doesn't grumble.

To be misunderstood is a tragedy to a minor poet, but a valuable asset to a major politician. It enables him to run with hares and hunt with hounds; to speak one way and vote another; and, better still, to rope into the polling booth people of all shades of political prejudice, or, as they would prefer to call it, conviction.

Dividing Opinions.

I have known men who had hitherto voted all their lives for Tories vote for Mr. Lloyd George's nominees because they thought he was saving the country from red revolution, as horticulturists save their roses from green fly, by the administration of an emulsion of soft soap and paraffin.

I have known Liberals vote against the party which he led into the Insurance Act because they thought he was not a Liberal at all, but an Anarchist deeply disguised as a Wesleyan Methodist or something equally mild and reputable. But the general opinions about him may be roughly divided into two classes. There are the opinions of those who believe in him for a multitude of divergent and mutually destructive reasons, and of those who do not, on as many grounds.

To the anti-Socialist he is a Socialist; to the Socialists he is "a sneak-thief." He has stolen their thunder. They would forgive him that petty larceny if only he had stolen their lightning also. But they say he hasn't, or if so he has conducted it to earth where it remains buried and incapable of striking down the things they hate.

Grip on Public Imagination.

The *New Age* goes into a blue rage at the mere mention of the Chancellor's initials; so does the *Spectator*. No man can offend both extremes without suffering a little, and during the last twelve months he has declined a good deal in popular esteem. Perhaps he consoles himself with the thought that he is falling between two fools—those who want Utopia to be delivered with to-morrow's milk, and those who don't want anything done, and that in the most orderly way.

I say "perhaps" because, truth to tell, I doubt whether any philosophic reflection will console him for losing his grip on the public imagination. Popularity is as the breath of the Welsh mountains to Mr. Lloyd George. Once he risked it by donning the garb of a policeman, but that was to save his life.

Since then he has played policeman to a good many people. He has preserved the industrial peace (at a price) on several occasions, and he has kept "on the move" the landlords and other rich people, whom he publicly accuses of obstructing the pavement of progress. Whether he despises and hates the wealthy in private life as much as he seems to do (during intervals between suffragist interruptions) on the platform, I cannot pretend to know. Perhaps he does.

Present Day Politicians.

Mind, I am not complaining. A politician nowadays is an opportunist, a fool, or a statesman. The former gets his perquisites here and now; the last-named is disliked by his contemporaries and placed in stone on pedestals by posterity; the middling lot get minor posts and are not, however, sufficiently remunerative or illuminated to appeal to the taste of so pushful a politician as the Chancellor.

To say he is an opportunist does not solve more than a tiny piece of the problem. It merely raises another: whither will opportunity lead him? Will he reach the pinnacle of yon post of ambition, the Premiership, or will the Grey cloud that threatened to place him in the cold a little while ago grow into a blizzard that will snow him under? It is not given to us to do other than "wait and see."

"Well, little boy, did you go to the music hall the other day?"

"Yes'm. Dad wanted to go, so I had to go with him."

HIS DUTY:

HOW A WIRELESS OPERATOR ANSWERED TO "S.O.S."

[*The author of this thrilling story, sent me from America, is Mr. Herbert S. Noble.*—EDITOR.]

Much is written—and little is true—of the romance of the telegraph service in general, and the wireless telegraph in particular, and seldom do we hear of the men who are banished for long periods in remote stations, far from the haunts of their fellows, there to drag out a monotonous existence, and of the long, lonely watches in the night, "listening-in" to a world empty of all save atmospherics.

Nevertheless, there is adventure and romance in the wireless, and I have here set down the story of how William Albert Colton found in the wireless service the first and last adventure of his life, and how he did his duty in the face of circumstances that might have daunted many a braver man.

* * *

The wireless station at San Pedro stands high on the cliff top, where the salt winds hum through the wires of the aerial and the sun beats mercilessly down on the galvanised iron roof of the little white building which comprises the office, dynamo house and quarters of the two operators, and which is known in wireless circles as "SPO" Below lies the city of that name, eleven miles by road and nine hundred feet sheer drop, and at the base of the hill runs the Grand Trunk R.R.

Within the white building is Colton, engaged in the fascinating pursuit of "listening in," while with feet resting up on a chair he reads for the sixth time a tattered copy of a paper. The other member of the staff, Eckerton by name, was below in San Pedro City with the team, to obtain the fortnightly supplies and, incidentally, such amusement as San Pedro had to offer.

Which brings us to the third—and last—actor in our little drama, Red Ike Bradley, "strong-arm," "hold-up man," and murderer, whose presence is accounted for by the slowing up of No. 4 freight for the long up grade out of San Pedro, and the number nine boot of the brakeman. Bradley's chief possessions were an ugly blue automatic pistol and a knawing pain in his stomach due to forced abstention from food.

Colton's first intimation of Bradley's presence was his appearance in the circle of light cast by the swinging lamp and the rough voice: "Say, young feller, for the love o' God, give me somethin' to eat; I'm pretty near all in."

"Sure," responded the operator, and slipping the telephones from his ears, he rummaged through the little pantry and produced cold beef, bread, pickles, and the remnants of a can of peaches. Bradley fell voraciously upon the food and wolfed it.

"Smoke?" queried Colton, when he had finished and threw across a bag of tobacco and a roll of cigarette papers, and Bradley, his hunger appeased, lay luxuriously back in his chair, and blowing clouds of smoke, began to take stock of his surroundings.

"Guess its pretty lonesome up here, what?" he asked.

"Well, no," replied the other, "there's two of us, y'know, but the other fellow's way below, gettin' in the grub for next week."

"That so," said Bradley, and then his eye fell upon the little green safe in the corner in which was kept the small amount of money necessary to a station like San Pedro, and producing the revolver he demanded of Colton to "open her up and let's see."

Now, a sudden shock will have one of two effects upon a man. It will temporarily paralyse and render him incapable of speech or motion, or it will galvanise him into sudden and rapid action. It did that with Colton. Quick as the gun-man was, his weapon was not raised before the operator was upon him. The shock sent the pistol flying across the little room, and the two were engaged in a hand to hand fight.

With eyes snapping murderously Bradley sprang in with a punch that would have finished it when Colton, with the desperation born of despair and quite at random, swung his right fist into his opponent's face. The blow took Bradley on the point of the protruding, blue-grained jaw, and his knees crumpled suddenly under him. When he picked himself up he was looking down the barrel of his own gun.

"Now," said the operator grimly, "you murderous back over into that corner," indicating the operating make only half a move and it'll be your last." He up a coil of rope from under the table, and, shovi pistol into the ruffian's face, bade him turn round. turns and Ike Bradley's arms were bound in clumsy f behind his back. Breathing hard from the unaccus exertion, the telegraphist wiped the blood from his fa dropped into the chair. Sheer force of habit made hi up the 'phones and mechanically he adjusted them ears, then turned the switch to the receiving side. listened . . . . and found himself confronting the cr his life!

Into the 'phones was ticking the much-talked-o seldom heard, "S.O.S."—the distress call of the wire

There was but one course open, and Colton took it shifted the pistol into his left hand and covered Br "Stand still," he rasped, and then, pulling down the by the side of the key he answered the call for help laconic language of the telegraph, "Here SPO, go ah then snapping back the switch he listened to the babb dots and dashes which told how the steamship "S Head," with six hundred souls aboard, had struck a charted rock and was sinking rapidly, and how the boats would carry but a small number of her people. ship's operator concluded with details of their position, which Colton gathered that she was but fourteen from San Pedro, though screened from sight of the by the cliffs.

In the meantime Red Ike stood by the table; the m of the automatic kept rigidly on line with his stomach. into his animal-like brain there crept a sense of awe wonder. The rattle of the key, the crashing and the liance of the spark as it flashed from point to point o gap, held him motionless. He sensed that there was thing far above his philosophy, and he stood agap Colton shifted his chair to the Morse circuit, though eyes never left Bradley, and began to call the city tha below.

Colton spoke of the ship and his own dilemma a wards, and the response, "Help of both kinds on way, sweet music to the ears of the harassed wireless man.

To Bradley the resonant clicking of the sounder merely a noise, but he had no doubt that it boded no to him. Yes, now or never, and turning his bound inward he felt the ropes slacken and began gradual work his belt around to a position where he could draw knife.

Colton permitted himself a smile as he swung his back to the wireless key. His troubles were practically and he had a fleeting vision of what Head Office would th of this night's work. A dramatic rescue at sea and capture of a noted "bad man." This adventure should s promotion, and promotion meant release from this outc life of loneliness and a job at one of the big stations o higher salary. And there was brown-eyed Mary Evere and perhaps——, but he still had work to do. Down Ca the switch with a snap, and Bradley's knife was edged inch nearer his hand.

"S.H.D." called Colton, and he hardly got his swi back in time to hear the answering, "Go ahead." "He on the way and will be with you in about 40 minutes." A then, in his eagerness to catch the reply, and because time was come, he lowered the pistol a little, and slipp the other phonepiece, which till now had not been adjuste so that he might hear the sounder, over his ear, and t slight sound made as the rope fell from Bradley's arm passed unnoticed.

"In 40 minutes," said the "Starry Head." "We can ho out that long. God bless you, old man, you have— But Colton did not hear. For he was sprawled across th table, coughing blood, with a knife driven inches deep under the ear, and Red Ike Bradley, whose pitiless hand had struck the blow, was busy at the little safe in the corner.

* * *

So William Albert Colton found his last adventure.

ROBBERIES MADE EASY.

HOW LARGE HAULS ARE OFTEN OBTAINED.

t is only quite recently that jewellery to the value of ,000 was stolen in a mysterious manner from a well-wn London hotel. Mr. Charles Reinhold, a diamond rchant of Paris, left this valuable collection, packed in erent cases, in an ordinary kit bag, under the dressing-le of his bedroom when he went down to breakfast. le locked the bedroom door; but when the porter went e a quarter of an hour or so later, at Mr. Reinhold's uest, to fetch the bag, he found that the latter, with the still intact, had been slit open and the jewels extracted.

ange Characteristic.

hough the thief had evidently been disturbed—for other ellery valued at £1,500 was left—he probably congratu-d himself on a haul of twenty-five thousand pounds th of gems. These he had collected, and disappeared, ing no clue to his identity, all in the short space of fifteen utes or so. Consequently his operations must obviously e been conducted with quite delightful ease.

he simplicity with which large hauls of valuable jewellery ows at quite frequent intervals, carried off by thieves, nan nature—carelessness in safeguarding valuable perty. It would be almost inconceivable, were not the y told by Mr. Reinhold himself, that he should leave uables whose worth, properly invested, would bring in omfortable income for ever, under the dressing-table of otel bedroom!

hieves appreciate this human failing, and exploit it to full. They know that women—and especially American heir jewellery. The following is a favourite dodge of rt thieves in cases where a woman keeps her jewellery er own house, neglecting to send it to her bankers or to fe deposit.

proaching the Lady's Maid.

very woman who habitually wears jewellery of any value y safely be said to employ a lady's maid; and the woman the happy-go-lucky type I have outlined, more often n not leaves the care of her gew-gaws in the maid's ds. The latter it is who removes necklaces, etc., from mistress's person, places them in the jewel-case, locks it, then probably tucks the key away in some such futile ng place as a dressing-table drawer. o far so good. Obviously, thinks the thief, the right son to approach in this matter is the maid. So he res himself splendidly, and cleverly manages to make girl's acquaintance. He passes himself off as the valet Lord So-and-So, or perhaps even his private secretary. pays ardent court to the damsel, proposes marriage, and doubtless accepted as suitor. Then one day he cleverly xes the conversation (without appearing to do so) to subject of her mistress's jewels. He had heard they were ndid—but they really *ought* to be seen to the best sible advantage on her own (the maid's) pretty neck and ds! Such a remark hardly ever fails in its object. he girl blushes. Would he *really* like to see them on ? Well, then, let him come round in the early morning, n her mistress is in bed, and she will borrow them for w minutes for him to see. There will be no harm in t!

his is all the rascal wants. He already has a full descrip-n of the gems, so it is the easiest possible job to get them his own hands, and cunningly to substitute some good te imitations, which the maid replaces in the case in re good faith.

ck of Precaution.

fter that, of course, she sees her "fiancé" no more. Such ystem—or one of the numerous variations of it known to fessional jewel thieves—is obviously safer and simpler n actual crib-cracking; and this is why it is so widely ctised.

he moral—a very plain one—is that whereas many woman would not dream of having thousands of pounds rth of sovereigns unguarded in her house, she will keep ellery worth six figures there without precautions of any d. Such women almost deserve to lose it.

GLOBE GLEANINGS.

POINTED PARS FROM HERE AND THERE.

A sleep walker in California swam two miles down a river without waking up, and continued his sleep on the bank after leaving the water.

* * *

A silver penny of the reign of Edward I. in excellent preservation has been unearthed in an allotment belonging to Mr. T. Bates, at South Stifford, Essex.

* * *

A farmer at Bricket Wood, Herts, has provided a large gramophone for the use of his haymakers, so that they may work to music. The results are said to be highly satisfactory.

* * *

John Bull, a well-known racehorse, who ran in the Derby of 1907, starting at 100 to 1, is now employed as a cabhorse at Eastbourne. As a two-year-old he won several races.

* * *

A spike of lizard orchids with over fifty blooms has been found by Mr. A. E. White, chemist, growing by the roadside at Great Chart, Kent. The find was made far from chalk soil, where, it is stated, this orchid usually grows.

* * *

Workmen cleaning the town clock at Guildford found the skeletons of three pigeons, which had apparently entered through a small hole and were unable to escape. One, bearing a ring dated 1903, was seated on a nest containing an egg.

* * *

Finedon Hall, for a generation the country seat of the Mackworth Dolbens, has been sold for £10,000 at Wellingborough. With the hall was sold the famous Bell Inn, which is said to be the first house in England to receive a license, the Bell having been licensed in 1042.

* * *

The text, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?" was displayed in the tramp ward at Keynsham Workhouse. At a meeting of the Board of Guardians a member said the text comforted the tramps, though others considered it inappropriate.

* * *

A tit has built itself a nest and hatched three young in a gallon varnish bottle in the Grove at Alexandra Palace, which is visited by thousands of persons, and where three musical entertainments, with military bands, are given each week. To reach its nest the tit has to make use of the bottle neck, an opening only 1¼in. in diameter.

* * *

The police of Hamburg have issued an order whereby any woman who enters a tramway car with unprotected hatpins is liable to ejection by the conductor. For the benefit of strangers to the city, the tramway company has equipped the conductors with a number of hatpin protectors, which they are now selling for a halfpenny the pair.

* * *

NEW KIND OF STRIKE.

An unusual form of strike has taken place at Sochaczow, a village in Russian Poland. The population is almost exclusively Jewish, and a new rabbi, who found his congregation too frivolously inclined, forbade the holding of dances in the place altogether.

A deputation of young women waited on him and demanded that this prohibition should be withdrawn, but the rabbi remained unyielding. All the marriageable girls of the place thereupon held a meeting and resolved unanimously not to wed until dancing was allowed again. For two months there were no marriages in Cochaczow, until at length the rabbi gave way.

* * *

ACTORS AND "MARROWSKYING."

All actors live in dread of "marrowskying," that curious transposition of syllables which often illustrates the truth of the saying that from the sublime to the ridiculous there is but a step.

The actor who said, "Stand back, my lord, and let the parson cough" (instead of "coffin pass"), may have made a solitary slip, but in some persons "marrowskying" amounts to a veritable infirmity. How does this kind of inversion arise? Professor Joseph Jastrow, the well-known American psychologist, says it is due to an "intrusion of the sub-consciousness" of the speaker. We sub-consciously construct our sentences before uttering them, and sometimes the preliminary framework gets mixed up with the permanent timber.

"JACOB" IN THE BUSH.

Bishop Welldon, the Dean of Manchester, who recently opposed the appointment of Mr. Thomas Beecham to manage one of the Hallé Society's concerts in Manchester on grounds referred to in our "Plain Speaking," was headmaster at Harrow for fifteen years, and he tells an amusing story about Archbishop Longley, a former headmaster there.

Dr. Longley, who was familiarly called "Jacob" by the boys, one day discovered that his amiable pupils used occasionally to escape from school at night on marauding excursions, and then got back to the dormitory by means of a long rope, which they pulled as a signal for their friends above to haul them up.

One night the wily Longley went round to the window and pulled the rope. Immediately the boys above began to haul up. The headmaster hung on like grim death, and when his respectable bald head appeared level with the dormitory window the boys, with a terrified "Jacob, by jingo!" let him fall flat into the bushes below!

Dr. Welldon, who rejoices in his physical bigness, has received some queer communications in his time. On many occasions he has received letters asking for some information of a sporting character. When at Harrow he received contradictory telegrams from the mother and father of a boy. The father said: "Send Johnny home by the next train," while the mother said: "Keep him at school."

In such a conflict of parental commands he deemed it advisable to side with the mother.

ARTIST AND A MODEL.

Mr. John F. Bacon, who has painted the official picture of the Coronation ceremony, seems to have scored his first success with his first picture, which was painted when he was twenty-three. He wanted to call it simply "Dead," but an old artist friend who saw it when it was finished gave Mr. Bacon a couplet which was used instead. It ran:—

"Never more to hear that silent voice,
Her smile to meet no more."

The idea which the artist sought to embody in that canvas was that of a young soldier who had left home as a boy, and on returning to his native village went into a wayside tavern where two navvies, one of whom had known him in his early days, were sitting. The picture created interest, and some of the critics plumed it so much that Mr. Bacon was astonished. Indeed, one of them talked so much about it that when he saw the artist the following year, before the picture went into the Academy, Mr. Bacon thought he was merely being made a fool of.

Mr. Bacon was lucky in finding just the soldier model he wanted for the soldier in the picture. He had been through the Zulu War, where he had a remarkable experience.

He and another man had their horses shot under them, and they borrowed a pair of grey ponies. Just before starting on an attack the Colonel gave the order that if any men liked to ride together they might do so. The two men on the grey ponies wished to ride together, but they quarrelled which should be on the right and which on the left.

Eventually they settled the matter by tossing. The man who sat for the artist won, and elected to the right. His comrade was shot, and died very soon after the action began.

A PRINCELY YARN.

The Jam of Nawanagar—better known in England as "Prince Ranji"—is the most popular Indian Prince who has ever lived on this side.

The story goes that when he came into his patrimony he was so grieved at the thought of breaking with his friends here that had not very strong influence been brought to bear, he would have relinquished his rights. The late King Edward was one of those who persuaded him in the matter.

"Prince Ranji" is a capital raconteur, and he has related a yarn of a meeting held in a village to discuss the erection of a chandelier in the reading and recreation room connected with the church.

The vicar presided, and everybody seemed to be in favour of having one, when an old villager—whose knowledge of everything outside farming was somewhat limited—stood up and said, "Well, I be in favour of having this ere ——"

"Chandelier," said the vicar, anxious to help him out.

"That's it," continued the parishioner; "but if we 'ave one, who shall we get to play it?"

ENGLAND'S BIGGEST PRIVATE HOUS

Wentworth Woodhouse, Yorkshire, where the King a Queen are to visit Earl and Countess Fitzwilliam, the reputation of being the biggest private house in En land.

But its real interest lies in the fact that the kernel, to speak, of the present stately mansion—the centre rou which it was built—was once the beloved home of ill-fated Earl of Stratford, from whose grandson, the Marquis of Rockingham, it passed to William, Earl Fi william, over a hundred years ago.

Rumour has it that the late Lord Stratford still vis his old home, his ghost walking downstairs every Frid night bearing his head in its arms.

Some idea of the size of Wentworth Woodhouse m be gained by an old story told of a visit paid there Baron von Liebeg. When retiring to rest for the nig he was solemnly handed a packet of wafers by a serva in order that he should, by dropping them in a continuo line from the smoke-room to his bedroom, be able to fi his way back again next morning.

Lord Fitzwilliam had the opportunity afforded him son years ago of reading his own obituary notice. When was Lord Milton, several papers announced that he ha been killed in a hunting accident. To mark the ra event a waggish friend sent Lord Milton a copy of Milton "Paradise Lost!" The same friend later on made amend by sending a copy of "Paradise Regained."

This was when he married Lady Maud Dundas, whic was really a pretty compliment to the bride.

TEDDY'S FIGHT IN SAILOR SUIT.

Ex-President Roosevelt has distinguished himself i other things besides politics.

In various forms of sport he has shone well. Fo instance, like Adam Breck, he has proved himself "bonnie fighter."

When quite a small boy he showed it. He and playmate used to go to a private school, to get to whic they had to pass a public school. One day youn Roosevelt appeared in a new sailor suit, which, in th eyes of the public school boys, marked him out as "fop." This was more than they could stand, so the planted themselves across the road to prevent him passing

Foreseeing trouble ahead, he and his chum approache with clenched fists, and soon, to the amezement of thei opponents, had won their way through. For a week figh continued, always with the same result.

Roosevelt never "funked," and one day, after a particu larly stiff contest, he said to his friend: "Let us go round the block, and come back and fight again." They did. Afterwards the boys in the public school kept themselves to themselves.

Ex-President Roosevelt is punctilious, and is especially particular in his observance of the Sabbath. One Sunday, when in a Western State, a bear hunt was proposed, but Roosevelt declined to go out. The party promised faithfully to keep the whole affair secret if he would only join them, but he was not won over in this way, and replied: "Very true. But do you know there are two ways of getting out of a scrape? One is not to let people know you've been in, and the other is don't go in. We don't go in this time, gentlemen." That killed the bear hunt.

SOLDIERS GOOD CONDUCT GEESE.

Lord Harris, an aide-de-camp to the King, was strolling one evening outside a camp when he came across a couple of soldiers who when they caught sight of him tried to conceal something which they were carrying under their coats. But Lord Harris has keen eyesight, and he perceived that the soldiers had by some means obtained possession of two fine geese. "Where did you get those birds?" he called out. "They was giv' to us for good conduk, sir!" answered one of the men. Lord Harris smiled and passed on.

Husband (cheerily)—Well, love, have you had a pleasant day?

Wife—Oh, splendid! After I dressed the children and got them off, washed the dishes and made some pies, cleared away the luncheon table and answered some letters, I still had time enough left to darn my stockings.

CORRUPTION IN THE POLICE FORCE.

SECRET CANKER AT THE HEART OF THE PUBLIC LIBERTY.

Our outspoken article, in last week's issue of the *Modern Man*, on "Glaring Police Blunders," has evoked so much comment, and we have received so many appreciative letters from our readers on the subject that we make no apology for setting before the notice of the public—especially those members of it who are pleased to give their co-operation to beneficial reforms—a national scandal, all the more menacing to the lives, property and freedom of the people by reason of the secrecy observed by those responsible for this terrible state of affairs.

Object of the Law.

Corruption—we use the word firmly and fearlessly—seethes at the heart of the police force; and it is high time that the public knew the fact and took action.

"The great object of the law" said Lord Brampton once in an address to the police, "is to prevent crime." But alas, that is not the chief object of the police.

One of our biggest indictments against the force is with regard to wrongful arrests and wrongful convictions. Constables are encouraged to make arrests to obtain promotion. I do not say that they are actually urged verbally by their superiors to do this; but they see clearly that promotion comes quickest to those of their comrades who have the longest record of charges; so that they are not slow in following suit. Moreover—I say this unhesitatingly—that where a constable is responsible for only a small list of charges he is severely "carpeted," and it may mean dismissal from the force.

"An Incompetent Policeman."

Here is a true case in point. A well-known and prosperous London tradesman, who formerly held a high municipal office, had considerable esteem for a constable who performed his duties in the former's own neighbourhood. This constable had been in the force for seven years, and done his duty well in every way. *But*—and it is a big but—he had to his credit an almost insignificant total of charges in comparison with the records of other constables.

The tradesman in question one day met this policeman in plain clothes, and on questioning him ascertained that he had been discharged. He had been summoned one day by a superior office, "carpeted" for his small achievements in the matter of charges, and dismissed from the force as an incompetent policeman."

Policemen are the victims of an absolutely tyrannical system; for in reality, whatever may be said to the contrary, they have no appeal against their superiors' decisions. Take for instance, the Metropolitan police. It is undeniable that men and women are charged and convicted every year for offences which they have not committed although there may be, and probably are, similar previous convictions against them) simply because the constables dare not fall below a certain yearly percentage of charges.

Here are some terribly illustrative figures showing that while the population of the Metropolitan Police District (an area of 699 square miles) barely doubled between the years 1868 and 1905 (thirty-seven years), the number of persons convicted nearly trebled:—

Year.	Persons Prosecuted.	Persons Convicted.	Population.
1868	75,928	45,708	3,507,828
1905	159,786	136,747	7,086,638

Here are some cases of trumped-up charges, for the veracity of which I have the authority of a statement made to me by Mr. James Timewell, the Hon. Sec. of the Police and Public Vigilance Society, which body has made full enquiries into the facts.

Charwoman's Amazement.

"Assaulting the constable in the discharge of his duty" is a very favourite trumped-up charge in a case where a policeman cannot think of a better one. Here is an instance:—

A highly respectable working woman, who lived by charing for three different employers, and who lives in a small street off the High Street, Marylebone, went out one night to give her little dog a run before bed-time. The dog frisked over the road and began playing round two women who were passing and who petted him with enthusiasm. Then the policeman on the beat kicked the little beast into the middle of the road. The dog's owner took the officer's number, and announcing her intention of charging him for his brutality, asked the other women if they would appear as witnesses, to which they readily agreed.

Imagine the unfortunate charwoman's amazement and dismay to find herself promptly taken to the police station and charged with being drunk and disorderly and with insulting the officer. The two women appeared as witnesses in her defence, as did her three employers, who testified emphatically to her entire sobriety and respectability; but it was no use. Solely on the evidence of the policeman she was convicted and fined 20s. and costs, an almost ruinous sum for a woman in her position.

No Room for Failures.

There must be *no failures* by the police. If a crime of any kind has been committed, somebody *must* be placed in the dock. If the actual culprit cannot be found—well—some other unfortunate being must be substituted. The following is a case in point, which occurred not long ago.

A policeman on his beat in the Euston Road saw two men emerging from a picture palace under suspicious circumstances some time after the theatre had been closed for the night. He arrested one, who had on him a jemmy and a cash-box with money in it; but the other, who was, mark you, a thin, dark man, some 5ft. 8in. or 5ft. 9in. high, escaped and succeeded in evading arrest. Still, nothing daunted, Scotland Yard placed in the dock—as the accomplice—a little man only about 5ft. 3in. in height, and stout, and of fair complexion, the very antithesis of the wanted man.

This miserable victim, who had, unfortunately, been once convicted of some kind of theft, but had since earned his living honestly, was sentenced to 15 months' hard labour. Now his family are ruined, his wife and children are starving and in rags, with their home broken up—simply because a policeman lost a prisoner, and did not scruple to find an innocent man to charge in his stead.

This sort of thing—only, alas, if the truth were known, too common!—is a crying scandal on which the search-light of publicity cannot beat too fiercely.

Out of Work Painter's Ordeal.

It is pleasing to reflect that the Police and Public Vigilance Society were successful in getting an innocent man off from a charge of highway robbery. These are the facts:

A colonial was robbed one night in a street near King's Cross; and here again the police arrested only one man, allowing another to get clear away. However, they searched about and eventually dragged in triumph to the dock an out-of-work painter, who, because he had lately walked the streets of the neighbourhood in search of employment, they accused of being a habitual loafer and wastrel. This man, luckily enough, had never been convicted of any offence, so that by bringing all manner of witnesses and other testimony to his entire good character, the Vigilance Society were able to clear him.

Bookmaker and Bribes.

There is no denying, either, that bribery, or the receiving of bribes—especially from bookmakers—is rife in the force. Here is the evidence given by a bookmaker before the memorable Royal Commission of a few years ago, evidence which the Commissioners declared that they thought fit to be substantiated:—

The bookmaker named a number of police constables and sergeants to whom he paid a weekly rate of, as a rule, 20s. This did not purchase complete immunity, however, as it was necessary for the appearance of the thing to arrest him occasionally. These arrests were effected in a friendly way, by arrangement, so that he should "not be taken from his pitch when betting would be brisk." . . . The arrangement worked satisfactorily on the whole, to the police and to him; but . . . it was the fact that a P.C. "backed the winner after the race" and then demanded £22 16s. that led him to tell his story to the Commissioners, after having written about 112 letters to the Home Secretary. The constable in question was eventually dismissed.

J. S. C.

SWINDLES.

A CRIMINAL'S REVELATIONS.

By WORMWOOD PORTLAND.

26.—THE DOTS ON THE DOMINOES.

[*We desire it to be thoroughly understood that the names of all the people mentioned in these articles are fictitious. Where reference is made to men or women still alive, any indication as to their actual identity has been removed from the manuscript.*—EDITOR.]

There were five young travellers in the Commercial Room of the Pulteny Temperance Hotel at Bath. The company thus, with myself, numbered six. Nine o'clock had struck, and most of us were smoking—all were joining in a general chat, in a pleasant and social manner, notwithstanding the absence of the social glass.

In Ministerial Attire.

Our conversation was interrupted by the entrance of a seventh guest in the person of an amiable, soft-looking, middle-aged gentleman in clerical or ministerial attire—long black frock coat, big-buttoned waistcoat, collar fastening behind, and white tie, "all complete."

As he entered without hat or luggage, it was to be assumed that he had already engaged a room and was staying in the hotel for the night.

He smiled blandly and urbanely on the whole group as we made room for him round the fire, and he moved forward to take a seat.

"I fear I am an intruder, gentlemen," he remarked suavely. "I am quite aware that a Wesleyan minister has no right to the privileges of the Commercial Room, but as I find there is no other room in this little hotel for the accommodation of visitors in common, I hope you will not resent my presence for an hour or two before I retire to rest."

"Not at all, sir," "You're most welcome," "Proud to have you with us, sir," and other hearty assurances instantly set the mind of the reverend newcomer at ease, and he smiled more blandly than ever.

"If it comes to a question of strict 'right of entry,'" I put in, "I think I ought to own up that I also am a bit of an outsider. I'm travelling, but not a traveller in the commercial sense of the word."

Inviting a Question.

I looked around, as though inviting someone to question me as to my real status, and a conjecture was hazarded that I might be "connected with the stage."

"Say platform instead of stage," I returned, "and you'll be getting 'warm.' The fact is, I'm a thought reader on a lecture and demonstration tour."

"A most fascinating subject," said the parson, earnestly, "and one that keenly interests me. From what little I have read and seen of the phenomena of thought-reading, as it is called, it seems to me that they bring us almost within sight and touch, so to speak, of hidden powers, unsuspected possibilities—real, without a doubt, but not, I am afraid, without a grave element of danger, especially in their association with hypnotic suggestion."

At this moment the waitress came into the room.

"Are they any letters for me?" he broke off to enquire.—"Rev. Sylvester Plummer."

"I'll see, sir."

"Where does the danger you are afraid of come in?" I wanted to know. "And how do you establish any connection between thought-reading and hypnotism?"

He was ready enough with his reply, and I was equally ready with my rejoinder. Then some of the others joined in, and the conversation became quite animated.

Producing the Dominoes.

"No letters for you, sir," announced the waitress, returning.

"Thank you so much," said the Reverend Plummer sweetly, and the girl was closing the door again when I called her back.

"Have you such a thing as a box of dominoes?" I asked her.

"There's a box in the room somewhere"—and crossing to a side table she brought the box to light from beneath some scattered papers, and placed it in my hand.

I drew my chair up to the table and addressed the c pany, as I slid back the lid and poured out the domin concealing one from sight in the palm of my hand.

"Do you wonder why I asked for these things jus we were all getting so interested in our talk?"

"Well, sir, speaking for myself," answered Mr. Pl mer, "I admit that I was both surprised and disappoi to hear you ask for them. I was hoping for a continua of our conversation, and naturally looked to you, a professional thought-reader, to take the lead in it."

A Practical Illustration.

I hastened to explain my idea, and while doing slipped the concealed domino into my waistcoat pocket.

"Suppose I interpolate a little practical illustrati I suggested, "making use of these dominoes for the pose? I will leave the room. In my absence, lay these pieces as in an ordinary game, matching num with number till they are all played out. Then turn the spots down on to the table cover, and call me in— everybody must remember the number of dots on the o half of each of the two end dominoes, and keep his m fixed on the two numbers. Without turning up th end dominoes, or any other one, or asking a single qu tion, I will read right through the two pieces at e extreme, and declare the number of dots on their last halve

On the landing I looked at the face of the domino I h put in my pocket. There were five black dots on white half and three on the other. This meant that last dominoes on the laid-out lot inside the room wou terminate one with five and the other with three. I ha never been able to make out why it is, but if you extra one domino from a full set, and play out all the othe they are bound thus to terminate—with the two last halv at either end in correspondence with the numbers blanks on the halves of the piece abstracted.

"Come in!" was cried, and I re-entered the room.

I gazed hard at the ends of the turned-down dominoe then seized a hand of the Reverend Sylvester Plummer a a hand of one of the others, standing between ther Faking up a little spasmodic business in the way trembling and twitching, I exclaimed:

"I'm not clear as to which of you gives me five a which three, but they're the two numbers—five and thre Turn up the end dominoes, please."

Repeating the Trick.

Of course, one showed five and the other three. Wi the same success I repeated the "trick."

Then Plummer referred to his remark about hypnotism and to challenging remarks.

"You must get the numbers out of our heads by som sort of hypnotic compulsion of which we are unconscious, he declared. "You said you would read them on th reversed faces of the dominoes, and you haven't done it.

"I'll do it now, then," I said, "without touching o looking at one of you"—and "it was so."

I turned to the perplexed-looking minister.

"You seemed to doubt my capacity to read through th opaque. Would you like another proof of it? If anyon has a five pound note, let it be placed inside a book, and I'll undertake to read its number correctly through the cover and all the pages on top of it. Anybody got a five pound note on him?"

Nobody had. But the Rev. Sylvester Plummer wasn't going to let me escape from the test.

"We'll raise the money between us, and get it ex changed for a note," he cried.

"In that case, jot down against the amount found by each the number of his room, and before we cash the note again I'll try to read the list as well, without seeing it."

Making the Collection.

The manner in which that reverend man Plummer "took up the collection" was a treat. I noticed particularly that he subscribed nothing himself, and touched me for nothing. The other five made up the amount in no time. It all seemed so natural, the way Plummer did it.

"If the landlord hasn't a note, no doubt he can get us one," he said as he left the room. "I'll go and ask him."

"And I'll refresh myself with a wash," said I. "This thought-reading business takes more out of a man than you'd suppose."

Plummer's hat (his make-up included a beauty) had gone from its peg in the hall when I took down mine. Neither of us had anything else in the hotel to wait for, and we went halves outside, as per arrangement.

BRINY NOTES.

LATEST REPORTS FROM SEASIDE RESORTS.

...ilbourne.—A man has been blown over the cliff into ...ea. When rescued he declared it was the first time ...d touched water for fifty years.

...ighton.—Rumour says that Mr. Mark Sheridan is here, ...ly incognito, putting up at the Palace (Hotel). All ...otels are in fine form, and artistes may be sure that ...e will be no barring clause so far as the thirst which ...ea air engenders is concerned.

...mile.—A hermit has been discovered in one of the ... near here. On inquiry it seems he is only hiding from ...ife and his mother-in-law.

...gnor.—Bill Jones declares he has seen a mermaid. ...n investigation it turned out to be a variety star bathing ...oonlight. Bill Jones says he can swear to the tail—all that was picked up next day was a golden wig.

...uthend.—Since dogs were forbidden to bark on the ...made it is almost possible to hear what the wild waves ...saying.

...eton-on-Sea.—The home of the East wind. Popularly ...d to be the only place in Great Britain where a penny ...p costs two-pence.

...ath [illegible].—The town was in an uproar a few days ago ... famous raconteur being billed to appear at ... Market. There was positively a mob of six the ...ight. Fighting at the doors. Two fisherman fainted. ... more walked out than had entered. This is not ... Now, watch it!

...owes-by-the-Sea has recently sprung into notice since ... of the residents discovered ancient remains in his back ... Still booming up to yesterday, when Professor Rode- ...er made the announcement that Robinson's house stands ...what was [illegible] the cunning ground of the town rubbish. ...Visitors may [illegible] to its obscurity. For the benefit of ...ot the wicked ever.

...gle-sum-Sea.—A problem town for those who go in for ...ea. Visitors are encouraged to assist in finding ... prizes offered to the most persevering. An enter- ...prietor announced "Hot sand baths" in place of ...al seaside attraction. On a windy day you can enjoy ...for nothing—a regular shower bath, too.

...ngate.—Thrown into a great state of excitement. ... reported as being lost. Subscription got up for the ... parents. Excitement subsided. Only a buoy!

...gay.—Latest news that all the flowers are doing well. ...er the ... applies to the blossoms of society who are ...ng a sea change is not clear.

OFFENDED TASTE.

t was a newly opened shop, and the window was re- endent with neckties and cravats of glorious brilliancy. afidently they announced in gilt letters: "Any article oved from the window." So when Smith walked in requested to see that "bright pink and green shot, peacock blue, in the front row," the polite salesman arranged the front, and, after some considerable trouble, ught out the desired object.

Rather loud, isn't it?" remarked Smith.

The affable salesman agreed. "Certainly, it is rather ...king."

I thought so. You needn't put it back."

Very well, sir," and the man began to wrap up the ... "Anything else to-day, sir?"

Oh, I don't want it," said Smith, "only you know you ...ertise 'Any article removed from the window,' and as ...s hideous thing offends my aesthetic taste, I thought ask you to remove it, that's all. Good-day."

Then that salesman philosophised audibly and with ...ch fervour.

THE BOMB BALL.

SEQUEL TO A JEALOUS SUITOR'S VILLAINY.

Dorothy West had refused him. That was the reason for the wrath of Sumar Sudrak, the son of a reprobate Hindu Rajah.

For days he cogitated as to how he might get even with Gregory Lawrence and eventually marry Dorothy. Dorothy and Gregory were affianced, Sudrak knew it. None but a half-bred cad, however, would have proposed to her, knowing this.

The Hindu strode down to the athletic outfitter's. His Eastern mind had conceived a plan in keeping with the traditions of the race from which he sprang.

"I want a cricket ball—five ounces," he said. He knew very well he could not get one that weight

"Could you make me one?" he asked.

"Yes, sir, in a week's time."

"I want the space usually occupied by the odd half-ounce to be left hollow. I have an idea that if I fill the inside with a certain composition it will increase the flying of the ball," he explained.

As Sumar Sudrak was a member of the ———shire C.C., and was known to be a bit eccentric, the assistant was not exactly surprised at the strange request.

The ball duly arrived. Sudrak weighed it. It was exactly five ounces. He then took from a metal case a stringy-looking substance. With a gimlet he bored a small hole until he reached the cavity in the centre of the 5oz. ball. Carefully weighing a half-ounce of the stuff from the metal case he pressed it very gently and carefully into the small hole. This he continued to do until the half-ounce was stored away in the centre of the ball. Then the aperture was closed.

That stringy-looking substance was pyroxylin. That harmless looking 5½oz. cricket ball was a deadly bomb, stuffed with gun-cotton! Woe betide the batsman who struck it. Could any revenge be more fiendish?

The next move he required was to play in a match in which he would be opposed to Gregory and Fate lent him a hand.

The next morning he received a note from Gregory Lawrence asking him to a house party at Gossingworth. Gossingworth was Gregory's home, and half the village belonged to him. He was the village squire, in fact. There was to be a match: Gossingworth Manor v. The Rest of the Village.

"Would Sudrak captain the village team?" Gregory asked.

The Hindu telegraphed his acceptance.

On the day of the match Gossingworth turned out in all its glory.

Sudrak's bowling spread-eagled the wickets of Hodge after Hodge, so that at sixth wicket down for fourteen, Gregory strolled to the stumps. What was his surprise to see Sudrak "put on" a village bowler—one who bowled "full tosses"! Why?

Sudrak went to long-off extra deep. His whole body trembled with excitement. He knew well that in the pocket of his shirt that deadly cricket ball nestled. He cared nothing for the result of the match. His plan was to get Gregory to hit one of the bowler's full-tosses in the direction of long-off. He would have to field it. Then he intended to substitute the one he had prepared for the one he had fielded. The thick leather covering would prevent its explosion until it received a very hard blow from a bat. That blow he intended should come from Gregory's bat.

Crack!

Gregory had smitten one sky-high in his direction. With an unholy delight the Hindu bounded forward to meet it. There it was—it seemed almost a stationary black spot over the sun. Then it dropped across the sun's brilliancy, and Sudrak missed sight of it.

With out-stretched arms, but with unseeing eyes, he waited. Then he saw it descending. He was too late, however. He had gone too far forward. The ball came down at a terrific speed. It missed his hands and descended with a dull thud on the pocket of his shirt. The one ball crashed into its deadly fellow.

It seemed as if a thunderbolt had fallen. An ear-splitting report, followed by a piercing scream, tore through the summer air. The details were too horrible to state.

The plotter fell in a helpless mass; and a rick-cloth soon covered what was once a live thing.

Sudrak's villainy had come home to roost.

STANLEY ST. LEONARD.

MY NOTE BOOK.

Here we are again!—a start with which you will instantly connect the new athletic badge. I have now heard from the manufacturers, and intending purchasers—of which I feel certain there will be a very large number—can dispatch their orders straight away.

Some badges one is accustomed to see on athletic costumes lose a good deal of real attractiveness by being too large. *Modern Man* readers, however, will have no cause to complain of this connection. Our athletic badge will be three inches in length; and, as I have previously mentioned, the colours, cerise, purple and gold, will be "fast."

THE BADGE NOW READY.

Now as to the price. By placing with the manufacturers a very large order, I have been met in a very generous fashion, inasmuch as I am able to offer the badge to my readers for what I am sure will be regarded as a very moderate sum indeed, i.e., 1s. 6d. each.

In addition to the badge for costumes, I am having one made for the hat or cap. This will be two inches long, and the price of this will be 1s. When addressing orders to *Modern Man*, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., readers will oblige by writing "Badge" in the corner of the envelope.

Among my bulky correspondence, I continue to receive from readers appreciative acknowledgments of the fine value of the *Modern Man* fountain pen. This week a Bristolian described it as "Really marvellous for the money." Calls are still being made for Nice Place Postcards and for specimen copies of the paper for distribution among friends.

Readers interested in racing will notice that the Racing Editor has extended his wire service, and I hope that the correspondents who advocated the overnight message system and all who avail themselves of the offer now made, will profit substantially. Of course, the same wish is extended to those readers now in receipt of the daily wire.

* * *

A BRITISHER AND THE BLACKS

A copy of the Aberdeen Grammar School Magazine has been sent me which contains an interesting article written by Mr. Archibald Young, headed "Trinidad; the Land of the Humming Bird."

Mr. Young has now been in the lovely island for nearly fourteen years, so that he should know what he is talking about. Still, I fancy that even now more than a few will regret he introduced the last sentence of the extract I propose to give into his article. He says: "We talk of the thrift and caution of the Scot, but I think the coolie beats him. For instance, he doesn't often go to the expense of buying boots, but, when he does so, he always chooses a pair too big for him: 'Big pair, petit pair, same price, Sahib? Must Sabee tak'm big pair.'

"The coolie has often been known to eat clay to save money! (This may be regarded as the short life though hardly the merry one.) He has been known also to draw his deposits from the Government Savings Bank, count the cash, and hand it back to the disgusted teller to be re-deposited. He would feel assured then that everything was all right.

"About another third or more of the population is negro. The blacks are descended from the slaves, and many are still alive who were in bondage in childhood. I mentioned that the coolie was thrifty. In this respect the black man, unfortunately, is his antithesis, and he is never happy until he is on a fair way to spending his last cent. He doesn't worry much about his wife and children.

"When the wife tires of her spouse she puts a "Wife Notice" in the papers, probably to the effect that she will no longer be responsible for him, 'He having given me a good beating without just cause.' The children seem to get along wonderfully well without any particular paternal or maternal care and attention.

"The black man does not have any cares and worries like those of the working man at home, who has got to provide food and clothes for his wife and children, and coal for the winter time. Think well, then, ye good people at home, ere you send your missionary offerings to the 'poor, down-trodden black man,' who is perhaps a great deal better off than you are."

It would never do for all of us to be [illegible] opinion. If we were life would be alto[illegible] too dull. A fortnight ago an article app[illegible] in the *Modern Man* headed "Cricket [illegible] dom," in which several suggestions were [illegible] for making the game more attractive. [illegible] player now writes me as follows—

"To my mind there are no reforms n[illegible] at all in our national pastime. Most [illegible] men who play cricket are genuine ama[illegible] who pay their yearly club subscriptions [illegible] their own travelling expenses, and who [illegible] for the love of the game.

"In my opinion these are the men, [illegible] not the spectators, who pay the piper, [illegible] therefore, they have the right to call the [illegible] Some men are sloggers naturally, [illegible] others are defensive batsmen, and of the two I pref[illegible] see the latter, who is playing the game as it shou[illegible] played. Then take the over rule. Cricket is usually p[illegible] in warm weather, and when a fast bowler has sent [illegible] six balls as fast as he knows how, he is only too gla[illegible] a few minutes spell before taking the ball again for an[illegible] over.

"Many good bowlers admire a man who can keep hi[illegible] against them for a long time, no matter the number of [illegible] he scores. I say let our grand old game go on as [illegible] and if the spectators do not like it they have a rem[illegible] and that is to stay away. If spectators want reform[illegible] them devise some freak ways of playing cricket, and [illegible] it themselves."

* * *

THE FREAK WEDDING CRAZE.

I am indebted to readers for quite a nu[illegible] of interesting additions to subjects w[illegible] I have already touched upon in my [illegible] book. The week before last I referred to [illegible] fact that to be out of the common is al[illegible] a mania with some people, and gave several instance[illegible] freak weddings. T.R. (of Bolton) now furnishes no[illegible] examples of eccentric honeymoons. "Before air 'h[illegible] became so common," he says, "starting off for the ho[illegible] moon in a balloon was considered about the most unu[illegible] thing that could be done, and only the season before [illegible] there was a great "to-do" about a couple who tried it.

"Five thousand admiring fellow-citizens assembled [illegible] watch them float off after the ceremony was performed [illegible] They drifted about in the upper regions for a day [illegible] a night, but then they decided that the wings of love w[illegible] enough for them, and they gave up ballooning.

"This bride had more pluck than another who tried [illegible] same sort of wedding journey later on. She sailed bra[illegible] up with the man of her choice for a hundred yards or [illegible] Then she decided that that sort of married life wasn't [illegible] enough for her, and she got out, landing in a river.

* * *

A CORRESPONDENT AND SLANG.

To many people slang is detestable; but W.J.H. (Leicester) has pointed out to [illegible] this week, it can either be a meaning vulgarism or an expression which conveys [illegible] idea of something unfamiliar by reference to some other thing well known to the hearer.

"All slang," my correspondent says, "is essentially pi[illegible] ative speech. Sometimes a phrase introduced is of distu[illegible] value, because it expresses so much in so few words. W[illegible] can quarrel with 'up-to-date'? And in "keep off [illegible] grass" we often have a big volume of sound advice.

"The gallows had various names in the old thieves' [illegible] To die is expressed in many ways; so is drinking a[illegible] intoxication. To be feeble-minded or eccentric is often expressed by such phrases as 'to have a screw loose,' 'to be dotty,' 'to have a bee in his bonnet,' or 'to be in a f[illegible] there.' To be in difficulties is expressed by 'to be [illegible] 'in a bad way,' 'floored,' or 'on his beam ends.'

"'Good taste' (itself a slang expression) demands that [illegible] as far as we can, we shall conform to the customs of [illegible] fellows. It is atrociously bad taste for us to force [illegible] talk words which are utterly strange to our friends. [illegible] art of conversing successfully does not consist in displaying [illegible] our cleverness and make other people think themselves [illegible] 'smart' than we are. That may send us away jubilant [illegible] but we shall have failed to secure the friendship and good will of our partner in conversation.

"Harmless slang is justifiable on the score of its [illegible] piquancy to talk."

YOUR EDITOR.

CAT'S REPUTATION AS TALKER.

A cat named Peter is making a reputation in Hamburg, it is stated Peter speaks very clearly. The animal is racting considerable attention in scientific circles, and erts from the Zoo are to examine Peter.

Some time ago Peter's mistress was very much surprised en, instead of the expected "miaou" which answers a , the cat distinctly pronounced the word "No." This already wonderful. But what is still more so is that cat was taught some other simple words which it learnt kly. "Milk," "Anna" (this being the name of its ress) and others were soon used quite easily by the cat.

SMELLS.

t ideal for a poet is my subject you may say,
ell, that might be so if treated in a general sort of way;
ut the smells I wish to sing of—to immortalise in verse
re effluvial raptures, really,—so, pray listen, I'll be terse.

Sniff Number One.

The first steals up the staircase, when the morning's drear and dark,
And you're snoring 'neath the blankets forgetting cares that cark—
oon your nerve that's termed olfactory, begins to jump and twitch,
nd you wake!—then start a-sniffing at an odour warm and rich.
A most delightful perfume coming from the coffee which,
lissing, bubbling, in the pot,
Lies steaming hot.

Sniff Number Two.

The next—beware ye gallants—has a most seductive charm;
An omnipotent quintessence used by Cupid, when no harm
From his love-bow has been taken, and the bachelor's heart of stone
t in the least responsive to the maiden's tender tone:
her head sinks on his shoulder, when the two are ail alone,
nd the perfume of her hair
y him there.

Sniff Number Three.

t the acme of perfection, the most powerful of them all,
the one beloved of Scotsmen, born beyond old Hadrian's Wall.
ther Essence! Breath o' Barley! Born on breezy, blowing Bens,
when good old songs are rendered, punctuated by "Say-whens,"
some jolly bachelor's quarters or in journalistic dens,
And the lhoys are getting frisky with Scotch ——.

STANLEY ST. LEONARD.

A prize of £100 will *not* be given to the reader who can supply the missing word.—Editor.

Landlord: Well, sir, I was a lion tamer, and I'd be there still if I hadn't married. But you see, my wife was a knife thrower in the same show, and she got to practising her tricks on me. Well, thinks I, life aint too long to run no risks, so I took on a safe job and become a steeplejack.

SPECULATING IN POST OFFICES.

The majority of post offices are not built by the Government or postal authorities, but are erected by private enterprise.

The energetic builder marks down a likely spot in a growing district, secures the ground, and runs up a building which is capable of being used either as a shop or a post office.

Then he gets busy among the residents and induces them to petition the Postmaster-General for a new or additional office in their neighbourhood, while at the same time he offers his building for use as the proposed post office.

If successful he may either sell his property outright, but usually he prefers to lease it to the Government. Not only is the State is given to paying an excessive rent, but the rent is safe and regular.

These remarks do not apply to sub offices in shops, but where only postal business is transacted.

A CRYING SHAME.

The little woman with the sharp nose, vinegary expression, third-class ticket, and two children, had been pushed into a first-class carriage by a flustered porter as the train was on the move. A fat, prosperous-looking man in a corner gave evidence of his disgust in a series of snorts, which culminated in the query as to why on earth the lady did not keep the children from dancing about on the seats with their muddy boots.

"Want to do all the dancin' yourself, p'raps?" inquired the little woman.

The stout gentleman ignored the remark. "Disgraceful," he snorted. "Damaging the company's property in that way! Ought to be prosecuted!".

When the lady cuffed the children to order they signified their displeasure in the usual way.

"Any objection to the poor children cryin'?" asked the lady.

The gentleman vouchsafed no reply.

"Oh!" sniffed the lady. "I'm 'appy to know you reckernise the fact it's their own tears they're droppin'. I was afraid you'd start a row by sayin' the poor dears was wastin' the company's water!"

CONDUCTOR AND THE SNOB.

The westward-bound 'bus was rather crowded, much to the annoyance of the high-and-mighty party who sat next the door. He seemed to take the condition of affairs as a personal insult, and kept informing the conductor that he would write to the company about it. He declared, with scowls and growls, that it was a scandal and a disgrace that there weren't more 'buses on the route.

When the conductor came in to collect the fares, he stumbled—perhaps he tried it—against the feet of the pompous one, who responded with a snappy, "Wish you would look where you're going."

The conductor turned round and gazed in the face of the speaker, and a look of apparently delighted surprise stole over his features.

"W'y," he said, "if it ain't my old friend the King o' Sweden. On'y to think I didn't reckernise yer, Gustav. An' 'ow are Mrs. Gustav an' the kiddies?"

Then the other passengers chortled with joy, and "Gustav" abdicated.

Wife: Well, did you find out what it was I said that offended Mrs. Youngbride?

Husband: Yes, her husband told me. It seems that you remarked: "I see you're installed in your new home," and as they're furnished on the instalment plan, she thought you were trying to be funny at their expense.

LOST AND FOUND COLUMN.

When you lose your temper, you lose a valuable asset.

When you lose your health, there's no use in advertising the fact.

When you lose your self-respect, it's time to take invoice and lay in a new stock.

When you lose your grit, get the man ahead to put sand on the track.

If you find the road to success, don't put out your rear lights. They may be a guide to some other fellow.

When you find a willing helper, don't take advantage.

When you find a true friend, don't lose your appreciation.

Don't lose your sense of gratitude for favours as they mellow with age.

TAKING PRECAUTIONS.

The lady of the house had told the Wandering Willie that he could have his dinner if he sawed a pile of wood. Not being busy at the moment and wishing to show that he was no mere loafer, he went at it. It was a knotty problem he had tackled. Fifteen minutes later he appeared at the kitchen door.

"Got it finished?" inquired the lady kindly.

"No'm," he replied, mopping his perspiring brow; "no'm, I haven't. I just thought, before doing any more at it, I'd ask if I couldn't look over your bill of fare."

IN THE RING.

SOME BOXERS' DOINGS AND CONTEMPLATIONS.

The "boom" in championship and other big contests seems to have finished, and things pugilistic are quiet—for the present at any rate. But much interest is being centred on the fine programme at The Ring, Blackfriars Road, on Wednesday evening, when Mr. Walter Armstrong, perhaps better known as "Crossbuttocker," takes his complimentary benefit.

A Great Favourite.

About fifty years ago, when Mr. Armstrong was in his prime, he was practically invincible at his weight throwing all the best wrestlers at that time. Under the "nom de plume" of "Crossbuttocker" he has since been our leading writer on matters of the mat, and is a great favourite with the sport.

On Wednesday night he will receive the support of most of the boxing and wrestling champions of to-day, including five Lonsdale belt holders, viz., Johnny Summers, Matt Wells, Jim Driscoll, Digger Stanley and Sid Smith, who will give exhibitions of "the noble art," while Pat O'Keefe, Pte. McEnroy and Dave Smith have also volunteered their services.

A wrestling competition in the Cumberland and Westmorland style for a silver cup will be contested, and exhibitions of weight-lifting and physical culture will be given during the evening.

Return from the States.

Matt Wells has returned from the States for a rest, and will probably not engage in a contest until next season, when he hopes to give Freddie Welsh a chance of regaining the lightweight belt in a contest at the National Sporting Club.

Should this match not materialise, there seems to be no other lightweight who would stand a chance with Matt, and he will in all probability retrn to the land of the dollars.

Pat O'Keefe, the genial Irish middle-weight, looks like getting busy. Tommy Burns, who is contemplating returning to the ring, wants Pat to go to the States to assist him in his preparation for the fray.

O'Keefe is thinking it over, and in the meantime he is matched with that tough French middle-weight, Louis Verger, on July 18th, while on the 27th inst. he is down to box Harry Mansfield at The Ring. Another match is on the stocks between Pat O'Keefe and Johnny Mathieson, who was beaten by Pat in a close contest some weeks ago.

Anxious to Meet Summers.

Johnny Summers, our new welter-weight champion, is under a contract with the proprietors of the Liverpool Stadium for three more contests there. Sid Burns is very anxious to get hold of the welter-weight belt, and as he has beaten Johnny he appears to have the best claim to a contest.

Johnny Summers had only just recovered from an attack of influenza when he was beaten by Burns, and was probably not in the best of condition.

At any rate a return contest between the pair would be very satisfactory to all concerned, and Johnny is most anxious to wipe out that defeat. Of course, a match for the belt could not be arranged until next season, and if the pair met outside the National Sporting Club and Burns won, it would mean that they would have to box again at the N.S.C., but should Johnny win he would hold the undisputed championship.

A TRUE SPORT.

"Tork abaht true 'sports,'" said the man with Oliver Twist predilections as he leaned lovingly against the bar, "w'y, ole 'Oskin 'e wor a treat, 'e wor. W'en 'e lay a-dyin' 'e sent for me ter come an' see 'im at onst.

"'Jim,' 'e says, gaspin', 'ere's five shillin'. Take it, ole sport, an' on the day of my fun'ral, use it ter treat me pallbearers with.'

"Big tears chased each other dahn me cheeks, an' as I put the money in me pocket I arsked 'im:

"'W'en d'ye want me ter treat 'em,' I says, 'goin' ter the cemet'ry or comin' back'

"'E looked at me fer a minit, then 'e w'ispered, 'Goin', Jim. I won't be with you comin' back.'"

PUBLIC MANNERS.

DEPLORABLE PHASES OF MODERN SOCIAL LIFE.

Cast your thougs back even so short a time as ten ye and you will agree with me that the average man's woman's manners to-day are far more lax than was the then. Far less attention is paid to those little courtesie those amenities of everyday life—which are so well u stood on the Continent, and which, though costing gene such a little effort, have the effect of making existenc much smoother.

Curt "Good-Day."

What is the reason of this? There was a time, as I have hinted, not so very long ago either, when able importance was attached to politeness, even in bu as distinct from private life.

Say, for instance, that you make a business call on a nowadays. In nine cases out of ten, when you have finis what you have to say, a nod and a curt "Good day" an end to the interview. In the old days that man—or his forbear—would have got up from his seat and courteou opened the door for you to pass out. This would have b no trouble to him, and there is no doubt that it would h produced an impression of distinct gratification on recipient of this little consideration.

Nowadays when you see two men part company in street after having a chat, you will hardly ever obse them shake hands. A nod—not even a smile probably both loaf off in opposite directions. There is no exag tion in the prevalence of "anti-hand-shaking" at t call it so—for in this case there is a definite cause, the i set by the public schools and the universities. There it "the thing," at present at any rate, to "bar" shaking han

Why this should be so it is hard to see; but it is a f that if you offer your hand at the conclusion of a meeting, say, in the street, to a man brought up at o the public schools or a university, you will very often a slight raising of his eyebrows betokening wild

A Silly Way.

"It's a way they have at the public schools," as the goes, but the writer—although a public schoolboy h is willing to admit that this particular way is a dist silly one.

Another rather deplorable phase of modern social the widespread and rapidly-growing idea that to be is tantamount to honesty and straightforwardness. a very prevalent fallacy to believe that a course, however man who says insulting things about other people, frank, outspoken, upright person, who is not afraid of body, whereas the well-mannered individual of ingratiating address is only too often suspected of some question ulterior motive behind his blandness.

Woman Not Exempt.

It is not only men, however, who fail nowadays matter of manners. Woman, who was once prettily to as "gentle woman," is losing that reputation for g ness in all too many cases.

Watch a train stop to pick up passengers in a busy when there is a rush to or from business offices. Yo see women indulging in a mild melee—besides which a Rugby "scrum" will look like child's play—treading the toes of smaller people, pushing others out of the where possible, probably poking someone's eye out with ferrule of a parasol or the point of a murderously long and barbed hatpin, all in order to secure the corner inside or out, according to the season of the year.

Struggle to Live.

What is the cause of this declining politeness in England? Probably it is that nowadays, and sometimes even every one of us—man, woman and child—has to be a worker in order to live. And in struggling in the contest for existence rubs off many a gen "edge," as it were. The great bulk of the people have time" for the courtesies; but it is pleasant to know, go down deep enough, and you will find in that re people as big and good a heart as any other nation the world.

THE MODERN WOMAN'S INTERESTS.

may not be generally known that Madame Sarah nhardt, the world's greatest actress, wanted to be a nun, she saw "Brittanicus," was moved to tears, and decided go on the stage.

ome years ago the divine Sarah nearly lost her life at hearsal of a Joan of Arc play. She all but lost it, too, Joan of Arc lost hers, by fire at the stake. She was ding on a little platform ringed round with a box in ich was the sham fire. In this box was a certain amount of ader so prepared as to give smoke and flames without the ghtest danger.

But the property man foolishly enough had kept another x near him in which sufficient powder had been prepared advance for fifty performances. This caught fire as ll, there was a terrible explosion, and a panic. In the dle of the tumult Madame Sarah Bernhardt thought she dying. The smoke and noise confused her, and she ringed in by flame.

But suddenly I heard a voice—just like Joan," she said rwards. "The voice said 'Fall back into my arms and I will be safe!'

I let myself go, and it was only when I was out of ger and in my own dressing-room that I realised that voice had not come from above. It was that of one of supers, who had not lost his head like the rest of us, who knew that I could not step out of the flames, but I could fall backwards out of them."

THE ROMANCE OF PEARLS.

history, as well as in fiction, the pearl has probably ed more romantic parts than any other variety of gem—haps than all other gems added together. It has been ed, caressed, trodden under foot, and spurned.

Both men and women have sacrificed their lives, their nour, and their virtues for the attainment of single pearls, re often for ropes or chains of pearls.

n England pearls were not really appreciated for personal ornment until the fourteenth century. Yet throughout ery century and in every country, from comparatively rly times, we see pearls depicted by contemporary artistes such of their works as survive. The wives of Henry VIII. re generally presented as clothed in a complete armour pearls. A quotation from Shakespeare shows how pearls ie appreciated at the end of the fifteenth century:—

Orient pearls fit for a queen
Will I give thy love to win,
And a shell to keep them in.

perhaps the most famous pearls in history, after those Cleopatra, were those belonging to Catherine de Medicis d Queen Elizabeth, who, by the way, appropriated some le ones belonging to Mary Queen of Scots. The ill-ed Queen possessed some wonderful pear shaped speci-ns. What weird histories and secrets could these pearls close! It is interesting to note that during the last een years pearls have enormously increased in value, and ing to the demands of the modern woman, are likely continue on the upward grade.

A SUFFRAGETTE'S INDULGENCE

was a suffragette, and her friend likewise belonged ne peaceful order of English citizens. So, of course, views were in agreement. There was one little point, wever, to clear up. "I am informed," said one, severely, at you actually permit your husband to carry a latchkey. y shouldn't have thought it possible. Can it be true?"

's quite true," answered the other, with a grim smile. do let the poor boy carry a latchkey, but it doesn't fit door. I just let him carry it to humour him. He shows to his friends now and then, and it makes them think s independent!"

In certain provinces in India it is considered unlucky for a woman to be a third wife. When, therefore, a merchant of Badson, in the United Provinces, who had previously buried two wives, proposed for the hand of a young girl, he was persuaded by the latter's parents to first espouse a doll as his third wife, so that misfortune should not fall upon their daughter's head.

Flower pot marriages not infrequently take place in China. When a young woman loses her fiancé by death she sometimes vows to be true to his memory, and to ratify her oath goes through a form of marriage with a flower pot.

The ceremony over, she takes up her residence with her dead lover's parents, who are by custom obliged to provide for her needs.

An equally singular and gruesome matrimonial custom also prevails in China in the marriage of the dead. A year or so back a missionary was summoned to read the burial service over a dead man. He might, had he cared, have also assisted at a wedding, for no sooner had he retired than a bride for the deceased, in the corpse of a young girl, was brought upon the scene and solemnly united to the dead body, with which it was afterwards interred.

Strange was the marital substitute accepted not long back at the marriage of a European Government official and a native woman at Samarang. The bridegroom was himself unable to be present at the ceremony, which was performed according to local rites, so he sent his hat, to which, as is permitted by native law, the bride was duly united.

FASHION AND STARCH.

Four hundred years ago a certain old Dutchwoman happened to discover accidentally that the best way to improve a small deficiency in the bust of her royal mistress, Queen Elizabeth, was to stiffen her collars, frills and laces.

That Dutchwoman's fortune was immediately made, for Queen Elizabeth was overwhelmed with the improvement and straightway bestowed lavish gifts and great favours and privileges upon the lowly woman. In addition she was elevated to the position of chief inspectress of the court linen.

The fashion introduced by the Queen was, of course, soon followed by all the women of rank in the kingdom. The fad for this new art of starching became veritably a mania. Special professors sprang up and they established themselves in London, and thrived in their profession. Among them was a Danish woman who seems to have had special capabilities along the line of starching, and those privileged to be initiated by her in the art had to pay no less than five pounds for a lesson.

The staid fashion of white starching soon began to pall upon the fastidious Queen who then added a blue colour to the starch. She found that the addition of blue gave a green hue to her complexion, and being rather particular about her questionable beauty, she prohibited her subjects wearing any other than pure white starched linen, claiming that blue washed linen was injurious to health. Fashion, however, soon outruled the Queen, and the use of blue starch continued merrily on, although many a good woman spent a few days in prison for transgressing.

SOME OLD SAYINGS.

Women can rarely be deceived, for they are accustomed to deceive.—Aristophanes.

Wiles and deceits are woman's specialities.—Æschylus.

Would that the race of women had never existed—except for me alone.—Euripides.

Elegance of appearance, ornaments, and dress, these are women's badge of distinction; in these they delight and glory.—Titus Livius.

Nature has given beauty to woman which can resist shields and spears. She who is beautiful is stronger than iron and flame.—Anacreon.

THE DEADLY CENTIPEDE.

STORY OF A NARROW ESCAPE FROM SUDDEN DEATH.

It was during the first year of our married life, and Mabel and I had been just a fortnight in our house in an Indian town. We were anxious to learn all we could about the deadly animals and insects of the country, and we were fools enough to subscribe to a paper, one column of which was devoted to describing agonising deaths, caused by snakes or scorpions or other pleasant animals to be found in the beautiful land of India.

"Oh dear," said Mabel, one evening, suddenly looking up from the newspaper she was reading. "Listen to this! If I had known there were so many horrible insects and animals in India, I should never have come here."

"Let's have it, whatever it is," I said. "Read the terrible thing to me. I daresay I shall survive it."

"It is not generally known," she read in a trembling voice, "that the Centipede, so often found in one's shoes or clothes in India, is one of the most deadly animals in this God-forsaken country. Its presence is made known by the scratching of its hundred legs,—the insect is rightly named *centipede*—that is at first irritating, but strange to say, after a few minutes this feeling of irritation is followed by a sense of calm. It is the calm which precedes death. Unless the animal is got rid of at once, it bites the victim,—a gentle soothing nip, causing little or no pain. This bite is sometimes quite unnoticed by the victim, but in five minutes he is a dead man. We are informed by the most reliable authority that at present there is a plague of Centipedes in the land. We do not wish to exaggerate the danger, but we are sure that during last week the number of deaths in this town of Boilinghot, caused by centipede bites, is two hundred and three."

She paused for a reply, after she had read this blood-curdling paragraph.

"Impossible," I said, "if so many people have died all round us, how is it we have heard nothing of it at tennis parties or afternoon teas. I don't believe a word of it."

"Don't you know," said Mabel in her most superior manner, "that it is the policy of the Indian Government to keep dark any great danger of this kind.

"Whatever shall we do? Shall we leave the country at once?"

"Certainly not," I said, pretending to be brave. "You and I will be all right. All that is needed is to be a little extra careful, and shake out your clothes before you wear them, and peep into your boots and shoes before putting them on your feet. Who's afraid of centipedes? I am not for one." I stood up, and laughed loud and long.

Just then I felt something run down my right trouser leg. It was cold and clammy, and seemed to have a million feet. Beads of cold sweat stood on my brow. My boasted courage oozed out of my finger tips. I must have looked pale, for Mabel said,—

"What is the matter? You look ill."

"Hush!" I whispered in an awed voice. "Something has just crawled down my right leg. It must be a centipede. At first its feet irritated my leg,—now I feel calmer."

"Oh dear!" Mabel shrieked, bursting into tears, "just the symptoms mentioned in the paper. In five minutes you will be a dead man, and I shall be a child widow! What a terrible fate!"

"Not if we keep our wits about us," I said. "Be calm and do exactly as I tell you. The thing to do is to kill the animal before he bites me. There is no time to be lost. I can feel him in the sock of my right foot." I felt something cold wriggle just above my right ankle. "Kindly unlace my right boot as quickly and as quietly as possible."

I extended a shaking boot to her, and she undid the boot-lace with trembling fingers.

"Pull off the boot," I said in a hoarse whisper, and she obeyed.

I felt a cold wriggle, this time near my foot. It was the time for action. I grabbed at the spot with both hands, hoping that I would crush the life out of the insect before it had time to bite me.

"Do be careful," screamed Mabel. "Is it one centipede or more?"

"It is nothing of the kind," I replied. "It is that threepenny bit I always keep in my right trouser pocket for luck. It has slipped through a hole in my trouser pocket. Good old threepenny bit. It has saved my life."

We both laughed hysterically at the narrow escape I had had! It was a merciful deliverance!

GEORGE RODNEY.

CORRESPONDENT'S BUREAU

BRIEF REPLIES TO VARIOUS QUESTIONS.

R.H.J. (Bayswater).—Sorry, but the only book on t technicalities and slang of the turf we know is an Americ one, and not applicable to our turf. Perhaps some rea can help.

* * *

MARGARET (Nottingham) loves a young man, but h conduct causes her much pain.

He plays cards (Wow!); he drinks beer (Bow, wow!! he goes to music halls (Bow, wow, wow!!!).

Now, "Mary," had you told us that your adored new played cards, never took a glass of beer, and never we to a music-hall, you should have had our heart-felt sympath You don't want to marry a bleating lamb, do you?

* * *

V.D.S. (Blackpool).—An undischarged bankrupt has n Parliamentary vote.

* * *

MARK C. (Sittingbourne).—Under F.A. rules the pa manager or secretary of a club can play for that club as a amateur; under Rugby Union Rules no paid official can pla as an amateur.

* * *

BIRDIE (Norwich).—So sorry, but we are out of sugar.

* * *

X.Y.Z. (West Hampstead).—It's as simple as A B C.

* * *

J.J.R. (Birmingham).—Mr. A. F. Wilding, lawn tenn champion, *at the moment of writing*, was born at Chris church, New Zealand, October 31st, 1883. Our own opin is that the holder of a championship should compete in preliminary rounds. We believe that most champions at games would prefer to do so, for the challenge round often finds them short of practice and unaccustomed to the pre vailing conditions. Of course, the challenger may be exhausted by the time he reaches the final, but no sportsman would wish to retain his title by beating a tired man.

* * *

R.A. (Todmorden).—Chalk for billiard cues was first used early in the eighteenth century. An ingenious marker who had discovered how to impart "side" to a ball, and h the sense to keep his secret to himself, made a lot of m by selling "ball twisting chalk." The marker generally has something up his sleeve.

* * *

T.F. (Manchester).—We do not think there is a Wisden left in the firm of Wisden and Co. The present head of the firm is Mr. Luff, whose family have long been associated with Wisden.

* * *

HAROLD S. (Leeds).—A Territorial officer ranks with Regular officers as junior of his rank. That is, a Territorial lieutenant is junior to all Regular lieutenants, irrespective of length of service. A Territorial captain, on the other hand, is senior to all Regular lieutenants.

* * *

M.J. (Camden Town).—You are wrong in supposing that it is a foul to clench the fist when boxing. On the contrary, hitting or flicking with the open glove is a very bad foul indeed, and every blow should be delivered with the fist clenched and the knuckle part of the hand.

* * *

L.L.D. (Leyton).—The "middle watch" at sea is from 12 midnight to 4 a.m. The first "dog watch" is from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m., the last "dog watch" from 6 p.m. to 8 p.m.

FIRE AND WATER.

A new insurance inspector had just completed his first trip in one of the big office buildings. He was making up his report in the office of the superintendent.

"Well," said the superintendent, "did you find everything all right?"

"Yes," said the other, with a grin, "all right but in one instance."

"What?"

"It had to do with the buckets in the corridors."

"What was the matter there?" inquired the superintendent.

"I had them filled the other day."

"That's it exactly," replied the official. "The label reads 'For fire only,' and you have put water in them!"

"HOW TO TELL THE PLAYS": INFORMATION WHICH WILL SPARE YOU HUMILIATION.

By F. MORTON HOWARD.

This is a wonderful country for the promiscuous dispersal unsought information. Everybody always seems to be ling everybody else all about everything. Continuing e campaign against blissful ignorance, there are thousands school-books disguised as light literature.

"How to Tell the Birds," for example, enables you to stinguish a canary from a tailor's goose at the very first ance. Careful study of "How to Tell the Flowers" will event you from handing a bunch of seakale to your lady- e under the erroneous impression that you are presenting r with a bouquet of roses. But I have found an alarming ld patch in the flourishing crop of promiscuous informa- n. There is no handy little text-book entitled "How to Tell e Plays."

acts About High Tragedy.

Now this is a serious matter. Suppose you have no pro- amme to guide you, and so laugh steadily through a play der the idea that you are witnessing "Charley's Aunt," hereas you have wandered by mistake into a performance "Hamlet"? Under such circumstances, your loud peals laughter might possibly give rise to comment. You would e people nudging each other and whispering that you e Sir Edward Durning Lawrence or Hall Caine.

On the other hand you might see "The Private Secre- ry" in mistake for "Julius Cæsar," and then you'd be no d surprised at the way those old Roman fellows carried on. To save you from these humiliations I will inform you l to Tell the Plays."

To begin with, there is high tragedy. I don't know why is called "high," unless it is because it is usually "over e head" of the average playgoer. It is quite simple to aken you are going to witness high tragedy—you have wake the box-office keeper, and, if you don't resolutely ut your hands in your pocket the manager will try to shake nds with you in welcome. To make a tragedy you take lot of depressing people and make them moan "My good- ess; oh, my goodness!" (or words to that effect) at regular tervals. Also, you let them kill each other. In tragedy, erybody present suffers—including the audience. Often e producer suffers heavily too—which is one consolation, t say.

On Recognising Melodrama.

You will be able to recognise melodrama as easily as your n recognises a last year's hat. To start with, there is an ering child who asks, every now and then "Mee-ma, e is pee-pa?" To which the lady addressed brokenly plies "Ush, child, oh 'ush!" Again, stimulating death enes are provided throughout the performance with great rodigality. Also, at the end of the play they bring the ro down to the footlights, and, having awarded him the .C. as a sort of preliminary canter, inform him that some he has just discovered that he is heir to a dukedom. Then he heroine gets clasped in his arms, and the villain, justly nnoyed at the sight, at once shoots (a) his confederate, b) the adventuress, (c) the present duke, and (d) himself.

Farces are funny plays . . . or should be. Mind you, any serious plays are really very funny—but you must be ery about congratulating the authors of these latter on heir humour. Still, you can generally tell an intentional arce, because its plot is so far fetched; sometimes the plot has been fetched so far that a lot of it seems to have been pilled on the way. When, for no reason at all, everybody s from everybody else in cupboards or behind screens, you can be sure you're witnessing a farce. People in farces eem to be the shyest folks in the world, though perhaps ou'd never think so if you judged only by the words they spoke.

Saying Things Backwards.

Then there is comedy. Here the symptoms are several well-dressed people who sit about on the stage and say things backwards, so to speak. Instead, for instance, of remarking that "Necessity is the mother of invention," they say "Invention is the child of necessity." This sounds new, and what is new nowadays is always considered smart, so there you are!

Do not confuse musical comedy with comedy; there is never anything which sounds new in musical comedy. Musical comedy is so called because there is a band to help it along, and may be described as a number of songs stuck together with bits of dialogue about any old thing the comedians think of.

You can always tell a comic opera from a musical comedy. If there's any mention of the plot made in the second act, it's a comic opera.

Then there are "burglar-hero" plays. In cold, everyday life, the burglar is about the last man we want to see; but on the stage, we simply rush to look at him. The stage burglar-hero is a fine fellow. It must be a positive pleasure to think that one's silver candlesticks have gone to buy him a pair of those lovely patent-leather boots he wears. The burglar-hero always evades trouble in the last act—except that he gets engaged to a girl.

Anybody can tell a Shakespearean play. You merely have to go straight home after the performance and read right through Shakespeare's works. If the play you saw is included among them, it is by Shakespeare.

A Pretty Good Clue.

Also it is easy to tell an Ibsen play. You won't be able to understand what it is all about, but you'll find a lot of people in the audience who disguise their bewilderment at the proceedings on the stage by continually murmuring aloud "Ah! Great man, Ibsen!" And that ought to give you a pretty good clue, oughtn't it?

You'll be able to tell a problem play because you'll soon see the problem is why anyone troubled to write it.

But I can't help you to diagnose a Bernard Shaw play. One can classify most plays, but Bernard Shaw's You Never Can Tell.

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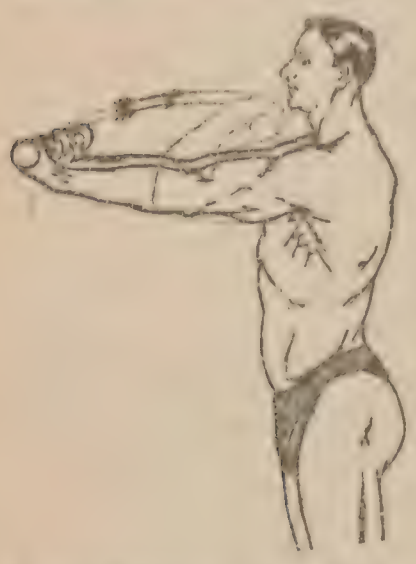
BY OUR PHYSICAL CULTURE EXPERT.

Biceps Development.

The value of a large biceps is easily exaggerated. It is, of course, an important muscle, very important to the weight-lifter, but on the other hand relatively unimportant to the boxer, and indeed of no vital use in most games.

Therefore the man who develops an abnormal biceps often wastes his time and his nervous force, for remember that big muscles have to be "fed."

At the same time, the biceps, like every other muscle of the body, should be well developed, and there is no use denying that the average man likes to have and is proud of a 16in. biceps.



It is an ambition easily gratified, for the biceps can be very quickly developed. Indeed, five minutes morning and night of doubling and stretching the arms without any instruments at all will soon put half an inch on to the biceps. However, here are two excellent dumb-bell exercises for those desirous of rapidly and materially developing the biceps, so-called, by the way, because it is two-headed.

Using the Bells.

Hold the bells out in front of the body and level with the chin, the arms being perfectly straight and parallel to each other, palms uppermost (Fig. I.). Bring the bells smartly up to the chin, flexing the arms as much as possible, but being careful not to allow the elbows to drop.

Extend the bells to their original position and repeat, say, a dozen times. The value of this exercise, which also develops the front and back deltoid muscles of the shoulders, depends greatly on the degree of concentration with which it is performed.

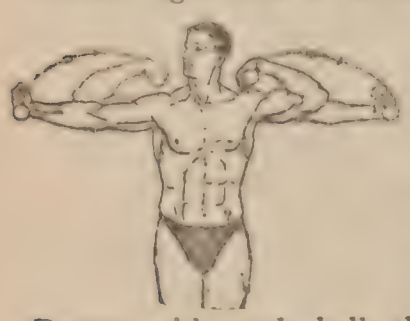
I mean, it is no use your languidly bringing the bells up to your chin and then letting them fall back again almost by their own weight.

Every movement must be brisk, sharp, and tense.

The Second Exercise.

For the second exercise hold the bells doubled over the shoulders (Fig. II.). The elbows being in line with the shoulders.

Extend right arm to its full extent, so that it is at right angles to the body, at the same time turning the head to the right and following the movement of the bell with the eyes.



Bring the right hand bell back to its original position, and as you do so press out the left hand bell, turning the head to the left. The elbows must not be allowed to move.

Repeat with each bell alternatively out and in, say, a dozen times.

Then, or if the muscles are unduly tired, on another occasion perform the exercise with both bells pressed out and arms extended simultaneously.

As before, it is essential that there should be plenty of life in the movements.

Answers to Correspondents.

"NO STAMINA" (Norwich).—The tired feeling in the morning of which you complain may be due to a sluggish liver—"liver complaint" is a different and more serious ailment. I should be inclined to take less cycling and more gentle walking exercise. A man of your age and sedentary occupation should not attempt long cycle rides or walks. The body at 39 has not the recuperative powers that it had at 29, far less those of 19. The fact that extra exertion tires you at your age is no proof of lack of stamina. On the other hand, you are not too old to learn boxing, provided you are content to go slow.

S. M. (Glasgow).—(1) Your measurements are excellent. Why do you think your chest is below normal. It is above it. (2) Suffering as you do from an athletic heart, you must on no account resume running except under medical advice. (3) Your handwriting strikes me as neat and legible. Certainly it is copper-plate compared with my own awful "fist." Cheeroh!

J.M. (Glasgow).—Excessive sweating not only causes weakness, but is often due to it. Possibly all you require is a good tonic. I should be inclined to consult another doctor, or a chest specialist. Without wishing to alarm you, your condition may be due to some lung weakness. Equally, however, it might arise from nothing more than a disordered liver. I presume you wear flannel next the skin. The local remedies probably failed because the condition is constitutional.

R. C. P. (Highbury).—Certainly it is possible to be inoculated against a tendency toward catching what is commonly called a "cold." A "cold in the head," otherwise nasal catarrh is due to a specific germ which like many others is now used to cure itself.

E. S. (Worthing).—Stop sea-bathing at once if it leaves you slack and chilled.

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P.S.—"The Modern Man" recommends our Course. (See issue dated June 8th.)

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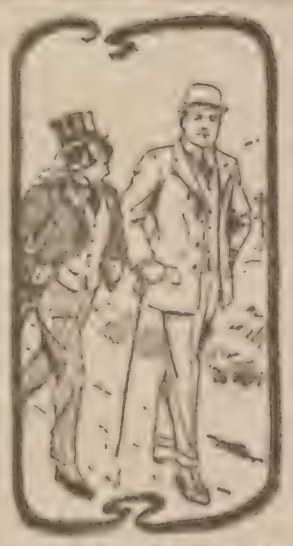

"STEADY, MY BOY! Not so fast! It's not an easy matter to keep up with you since you've had your height increased by Girvan. I only wish I were under forty!"

If you are under forty, I can increase your height by from two to three inches within three months. No appliances, no drugs, no special diet.

My special exercises, which are based on the soundest physiological and scientific principles, will, besides increasing your height, bring up your general development in proportion, and will give you a feeling of strength and well-being that you have never before experienced.

PROOF OF MY STATEMENTS.

The names and addresses of the students who wrote the following letters will be supplied to all who send to me for particulars. These are but a few of many similar testimonies as to the invariable efficacy of my system.

W.B. (Kenley, Surrey) writes:—"When I commenced your course, my height was 5 feet 2½ inches. I am glad to be able to say that it is now 5 feet 4½ inches. **This is all actual increase, as I was very upright before I started your course.**"

A.E.P. (Dartmouth) writes:—"I am sending you the results I have obtained from your system after exercising for seven weeks only. I have increased my height 1½ inches, and my health is ten times better than when I started. Before taking up your system, I tried several others, but **none produced such good results in twelve months as yours has in seven weeks.**"

P.N.M. (West Norwood) writes:—"I have gained 1½ inches in height by your system, and 2 inches on my chest. **I feel much better in every way.**"

F.W.J. (Middlesbrough) writes:—"I am glad to say with perfect truth, that **I have grown at least one inch and a quarter, and my health is just perfect.**"

W.A.J. (Liverpool) writes:—"I have great pleasure in enclosing my report after eight weeks of your height-increasing system. Present height, 5 feet 3 inches; **increase 1½ inches. With regard to my general health, I may say I never felt better.**"

F.C.Y. (Chatham) writes:—"I am truly astonished and delighted with the result, which is this, **a gain of one inch in a month.** I have been in the Army some time, and a considerable time has elapsed since I completed all drill and gymnastics as a recruit. Thus I unhesitatingly attribute all the increase I have obtained in the exercises which you prescribed for me."

What I have done for others I can do for you. Write to me to-day enclosing three penny stamps, for full particulars of my unrivalled system.

ARTHUR GIRVAN,

Specialist in the Increase of Height,

(Dept. MM),

17, Stroud Green Road, LONDON, N.

NATIONAL NICKNAMES: THEIR QUEER ORIGIN AND POPULARITY.

Almost every nation in the world has some nickname or other. Some of these are terms of reproach and often create very bad feeling when used, but the majority have their origin in some great name or deed that won the nation's regard in the past and so endeared itself that succeeding generations found it worthy of remembrance.

The origin of the Uncle Sam name is most peculiar and full of interest. On the banks of the River Hudson, on which New York now stands, there was once a store owned by a man named Elbert Anderson. The inspectors of the store were Ebenezer Wilson and Uncle Sam Wilson. The latter often attended the workmen in person, and went by the name of Uncle Sam. Now all the goods sent out by this firm were marked E.A.—U.S., that is, Elbert Anderson, United States; and it happened that one of the employees asked what the letters U.S. stood for, and being a bit of a wag he answered "Uncle Sam."

The Start of "John Bull."

There is no nickname in the world so well known as that of John Bull. It was first applied to a native of England in Dr. Arbuthnot's "History of Europe." There was also a person of the name who is well known as the composer of "God Save the King," but he lived a hundred years before Arbuthnot's time.

In caricature John Bull is usually depicted as a sturdy, corpulent old fellow, with red waistcoat, leather breeches and stout oaken cudgel.

Washington Irving says that it is characteristic of the peculiar humour of the English and their love for what is blunt, comic and familiar that they have embodied their national oddities in the figure they call John Bull.

The Three Sisters.

The natives of Scotland, Wales and Ireland have each their nickname, but they are so well known that just a brief mention of them will be sufficient.

"Sandy" is a contraction of Alexander, which is a popular Christian name in Scotland.

"Taffy" is a corruption of Davy, which is short for St. David, the patron Saint of Wales. This, again, is a common Christian name in Wales.

"Paddy" and "Pat," used to designate the Irish, are a corruption of St. Patrick, which is Padhrig in Irish.

"Tommy Atkins," our favourite name for the British soldier, has a very peculiar history. It is the name that was at one time used to fill in the blank in certain Government papers to show the soldier where to affix his name.

The name, age, date of enlistment, length of service of each soldier had to be filled in on the papers, and the War Office chose this hypothetical name, just as the lawyers use "John Doe" or "Richard Doe."

It is said that Wellington chose this name because there was once a soldier of that name in his company who was the bravest man he had ever met. In that case, it is a name to be proud of.

W. C. HUGHES.

TRADE SECRETS: HOW MANUFACTURERS ZEALOUSLY GUARD THEM.

Nearly all manufacturers possess "trade secrets," which they guard zealously. Some of these are of real value, but the majority are only of fancied worth.

When a firm or individual owns a real "trade secret," it is frequently beyond all price, and there are many other persons ready and willing to pay enormous sums for it.

Sceptical Clock-makers.

It seldom happens that a "trade secret" leaks out through treachery on the part of employees, and that fact speaks well for individual honesty the world over. When a valuable process does become known, it is generally due to the ingenuity of some experimenter who has worked out the problem from his own brain.

It has happened many times that valuable trade secrets have been lost beyond recovery. For instance, the best watch oil in the world cannot be made to-day because the secret process of making it perished with the inventors. The last quart of this famous fluid was sold for about £40, and that was thirty years ago.

Since then every effort has been made to analyse the product in an attempt to reproduce the oil, but without success. The man who made it and who alone knew its composition died, and no one knows his name or even his place of burial. He never revealed to anyone the details of his mixture, and it was not until after his death that the real value of the oil was discovered.

After the inventor died, his bookkeeper took the small stock of oil on hand as his pay for the £100 in salary due to him, little dreaming that he would realise anywhere near that amount from it. During his life the inventor had tried unsuccessfully to sell the oil to clockmakers, but they were sceptical, and would not even give it a trial.

Business firms are not the only possessors of trade secrets. Governments are just as zealous in guarding valuable processes as manufacturers are. For instance, the Chinese Government is the owner of the secret of making vermillion red, which is considered by many persons the most beautiful shade of red in the world. No one else has ever been able to produce the Chinese vermillion red.

The Penalty of Death.

The Turkish Government possesses a similar secret process of inlaying precious metals in the hardest kind of steel. The work is done perfectly and defies all attempts of reproduction. Death is the penalty for revealing either the Chinese or Turkish secrets.

SECRET OF MYSTERIOUS POWER REVEALED AT LAST.

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Wonderful Book Describing this Strange Force and a Character Delineation Post Free to all who Write at Once.

The National Institute of Sciences has appropriated £5,000 toward a fund for the free distribution of Prof. Knowles' new book, "The Key to the Development of the Inner Forces." The book lays bare many astounding facts concerning the practices of Eastern Yogis, and explains a wonderful system for the development of Personal Magnetism, Hypnotic and Telepathic Powers, and the curing of diseases and habits without drugs. The subject of practical character reading is also extensively dealt with, and the author describes a simple method of accurately reading the secret thoughts and desires of others though thousands of miles away. The almost endless stream of letters requesting copies of the book and character delineations indicate clearly the universal interest in Psychological and Occult Sciences.

"Rich and poor alike benefit by the teachings of this new system," says Prof. Knowles, "and the person who wishes to achieve greater success has but to apply the simple rules laid down." That many wealthy and prominent people owe their success to the power of Personal Influence there is not the slightest doubt, but the great mass of people have remained in utter ignorance of these phenomena. The National Institute of Sciences has therefore undertaken the somewhat arduous task of distributing broadcast, without regard for class or creed, the information heretofore possessed by the few. In addition to supplying the books free, each person who writes at once will also receive a character delineation of from 400 to 500 words as prepared by Prof. Knowles.

If you wish a copy of Prof. Knowles' book and a Character Delineation, simply copy the following verse in your own handwriting:—

"I want power of mind,
Force and strength in my look.
Please read my character
And send me your book."

Also send your full name and address (state whether Mr., Mrs., or Miss), write plainly, and address your letter to: National Institute of Sciences, Dept. 89, No. 258, Westminster Bridge Road, London, S.E. If you wish, you may enclose 6d. (stamps) to pay postage, etc.

STOCKS AND SHARES

READERS AND THEIR REQUIREMENTS.

For the Sale and Purchase Mart, established for the benefit of our Readers, the nominal fees charged to cover expenses are:- For actions up to £25, two shillings and sixpence; over £25 and under £50, five shillings; over £50, ten shillings. There will be no brokerage or other charges whatsoever.

CONDITIONS.

1.—Persons desiring to purchase or sell shares must enclose the fee, as stated above, with their communication.

2.—In the event of transactions not being completed through any cause whatsoever, the fee will be returned in full.

3.—Persons wishing to sell must enclose the certificate of the shares in a registered letter, and must state the price at which they are willing to sell.

4.—In the case of buyers they must state fully the name of the stock or shares they wish to purchase, and the price they are prepared to pay for same.

5.—Buyers in all instances have to pay the Registration Fee of 2s. 6d. as well as for the Ad Valorem transfer stamp required by Government.

6.—Sellers will be immediately advised when a purchaser has been obtained and a transfer form will be forwarded for signature. When this has been duly witnessed and returned, the purchaser's money will be remitted.

7.—Purchasers sending remittances in payment of shares will receive immediate acknowledgment, and the certificate will be forwarded as soon as the transfer of the shares has been registered in the books of the Company.

8.—In cases where we are not in the position to immediately put through the transaction for a buyer or seller, the stock will be advertised in our columns under a registered number.

9.—All communications to be addressed to the Financial Editor, "The Modern Man" Offices, Farringdon House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

There is much agitation among Stock Exchange members for a reduction in the commission rates.

* * * * *

A meeting of the members is being held by permission of the managers, to elect a committee to take such action as may be thought fit with regard to the new rules.

* * *

We hear that *The Daily Mail* is meeting with much trouble in its new venture.

* * *

Speculators should sell Mexican Rails at present price and buy Grand Trunk Third Pref.

* * *

The Premier Oil Combine has now become a fact, all parties interested having agreed, and arrangements for taking over the various properties will be proceeded with immediately.

* * *

Premier Oil are worth purchasing at present price.

* * *

Amalgamated Press Ordinary are one of the best purchases in the Industrial market.

* * *

All Home Rails are worth purchasing at present prices, especially Metropolitan District and Great Eastern.

* * *

Nigerian Tin Shares seem to have touched bottom, and the small investor might pick up a few Northern Nigeria Bauchi Ordinary at about 6s. 6d., Keffi at 5s. 9d., and the Nigerian Tin Corporation at 30s.

* * *

Maikop Pipe Line are a good purchase at 12s.

SYNTHETIC RUBBER.

Holders of plantation rubber company shares need not worry about the latest Synthetic Production Company, in the prospectus of which it is claimed that artificial rubber is an accomplished fact. This, as Euclid would say, is "absurd," and you can always back the rubber tree to beat all the professors and chemists in existence. It appears that those responsible for the company have made two pounds of rubber on which they appeal to the public for £450,000.

EAST LONDON RAILWAY.

The stock of the East London Railway—on which the work of electrification is proceeding merrily—recovers in price on the slightest provocation, and speculative investors cannot go far wrong in buying English railway stock at about 8½ per cent. of its nominal value.

CANADIAN RAILS.

The shares of the Canadian Pacific Railway are again on the upward swing, and as the financial year ended on June 30th with net increased takings on the railway alone of between six and seven million dollars, the price ought to be in the vicinity of $300. Moreover, the outlook for the coming year is much better than it was a year ago.

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			£ s.
		RUBBER.	
42	900 Way Halims	at	0 0
44	100 Asahan	"	0 3
45	25 Cicely	"	1 3
46	15 Highlands	"	1 15
48	20 Pataling		
		OIL.	
49	75 Standard of Mexico "A"	at	0 3
50	125 Standard of Mexico "B"	"	1 15
53	50 Mexican Eagle Com.	"	0 3
55	100 Kern River	"	0 10
56	100 G.M. Oilfields	"	0 17
58	25 Eastern Petroleum		
		HOME RAILS.	
59	£300 Stock East London	at	
62	100 Stock Met. District	"	
95	£500 Great Eastern	"	
96	£400 Great Northern Deferred	"	
97	£100 Metropolitan Consols		
98	£1,000 London Chatham Railway ...		
		MINES.	
65	250 Camp Options		£ s.
67	25 Casey Cobalt	"	0 1
70	25 Goldfields	"	2 2
			" 4 4

SHARES FOR SALE.

			£ s.
		RUBBER.	
73	125 Chersonese	"	0 3
75	30 Lanadron	at	0 0
83	20 Chersonese	"	0 0
84	5 Merliman	"	1 0
85	25 Merliman	"	0 0
86	50 Vallambrosa	"	0 0
87	50 Asahan		
88	100 Way Halims		
		OIL.	
78	10 Ural Caspian	at	5 10
79	65 Premier Oil and Pipe	"	0 0
80	75 North Caucasian	"	0 14
81	250 New Zealand	"	0 16
82	100 Central Carpathian	at	0 6
89	20 Black Sea Pron.	"	0 15
90	50 British Burmah	"	
91	100 Central Carpathian		
		MINES.	
92	100 Fanti Mines	at	0 0
93	10 Gold Coast Amalgamated	"	1 6
94	50 Anglo Continental	"	0 19

The financial Editor will be pleased to answer any enquiry by post on receipt of P.O. for sixpence, or by wire one shilling.

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is hard to obtain, and many really Capable Men are "compelled" to occupy unremunerative and uncongenial positions because they cannot get an opportunity of using their Special Abilities to the fullest advantage. Such men will find Hapgoods a source of valuable opportunities. We have large numbers of High-Grade Positions open, and want to hear from Ambitious, Capable Men. If you are such a man—write us to-day.

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PEDAL AND MOTOR CYCLING.

SOME MORE HINTS TO PROSPECTIVE DEVOTEES.

ost cyclists have suffered from the dog pest. The small, ing cur that runs out and rushes along, barking at the of the bicycle. But no one has really discovered a good od of getting rid of the little beasts. The only really tive method—but it is difficult to follow it out—is to lutely ignore the dog and to maintain the same speed the dog was not there. The reason of this is that the will not cross in front of the machine. It will run le it, close beside the front wheel and the pedals, barking apparently making attempts to bite the boots of the , but in reality it is only feinting, and if a little extra d is put on the dog will soon get tired out.

ne plan of kicking out at it should always be avoided, that lies the real danger of the barking dog.

tifying Trade Figures.

me interesting figures showing our imports and exports ycles, motor cycles, and parts for last year have been ished by *The Cycle Trader*. From these it appears the import of cycles into this country has almost reached shing point. The total number of machines sent to us oreign countries was only 348, representing a money e of £2,549.

ne greatest number, 133, came from France. Germany 109. The United States, whose invasion of our market w years ago was supposed by some to threaten the very ence of the British industry, sent to this country een machines.

e received three machines from British possessions. pared with these figures our exports seem enormous. total value of cycle exports for the year was £600,985, hich £295,729 was to British possessions, £305,256 being oreign countries.

pan was by a long way our best customer during the , France and the Netherlands being next in order. One ur best customers was the Argentine Republic. The res representing exports to India and New Zealand are bly good.

cycle parts the figures are equally gratifying. The l exports of parts was of the value of £1,413,009, of ch £924,761 was to foreign countries. As against this, import of parts from foreign countries was £220,027, and n British possessions £1,150. Germany has the lion's e of these figures, as we took from her no less than 4,224 worth of parts, or more than half of our entire ort. These parts, one fancies, are embodied in cheap hines, which are sold to people who imagine that they riding genuine English-made bicycles.

ven in the much younger industry of motor-bicycle manure we hold our own well. Our exports for the year of plete motor-bicycles amounted to £278,856, of which, ever, only £38,083 was to foreign countries, the ainder being to British possessions. Our imports of or-cycles totalled £42,086, all from foreign countries. gium sells most to us, next in order being the United es and Germany. Practically all of our motor-cycle ort comes from those countries. Our export of motor- e parts was £79,110, as compared with an import of ,716.

ickest Method of Dismounting.

o those whose business demands cycling in busy roughfares the art of dismounting must be brought nigh perfection in order to avoid possible danger.

lost riders I notice invariably dismount by standing on left pedal and bringing the right leg over the saddle, it is a wise plan to practice getting off by the other al as well. This is awkward at the initial attempt, but s well worth the trouble of learning.

f course, the back step may be utilised by those who are all timid, but this method is much too slow in the heart traffic, when you hardly have time to say "Johnnie lker" before you have knocked over an unwary estrian, who may turn nasty at being thus treated.

he quickest method of dismounting, which I usually pt with safety and success, is to get an even pressure the pedals, spring backwards off the saddle and alight with the back wheel between the legs; you are thus brought to a standstill and are in a position to throw the machine out of the way of any danger which might confront you.

This method may appear a bit showy to the casual onlooker, but it is well worth having an alternative way "up your sleeve," it might save your neck and also your mount from damage.

More About Motor Bikes.

Last week I gave a few hints to prospective devotees of this particular hobby, on the choice of a machine.

So many correspondents have, however, written asking a variety of questions, principally regarding secondhand machines, that a few more wrinkles will not be out of place.

In testing the engine, first of all jack up the back wheel on the stand, and with the exhaust valve dropped stand on one of the pedals, when the compression should resist the full weight of the body for at least 30 seconds.

Next take hold of the engine pulley, working it horizontally and vertically, and if there is any play, especially vertically, it indicates that the engine bearings are worn and require attention. Then, if the ignition is other than magneto, see that the contact breaker is not loose or wobbly, also see that the batteries are in condition by testing with a voltmeter or lamp.

Assuming these examinations to have been fairly satisfactory, the crucial test now comes, i.e., the road test, which should take place on a steep hill, and the behaviour of the machine carefully noted. On the level it should answer quickly to the controls, be capable of a burst of speed, and run without any other sounds except the exhaust and the clicking of the valves, any rattling, squeaking, or (on the hill) "knocking," which is the name given to that curious metallic sound sometimes heard when the machine is slowing up as the gradient increases, should at once disqualify the machine.

Should, however, the machine also pass these tests, it only remains to see that the usual accessories, such as lamp, generator, horn, pump, tools, and reasonable "spares," are supplied before completing the deal.

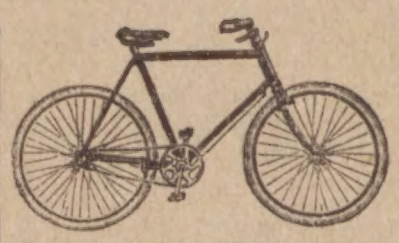
Insure Against Risks.

Having now become the proud owner, it is necessary to take out the licences, viz., a driver's licence, 5s., renewable annually on the date of issue, and the Inland Revenue, £1, renewable 1st January each year, and to register the machine in your name and obtain a number fee, 5s.

It is a wise precaution to insure the machine against all risks, or at the least against third party claims, and if you keep your bike in the house, or store petrol, even if it is only two gallons in a sealed can, inform your Insurance Company.

A.R.W.

OUR WHOLESALE CATALOGUE



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THE WEEK'S RACING.

By THE "OLD HAND."

Our wire service goes merrily along, and I am happy to say that we are getting quite a good number of winners.

I have received a number of requests from readers of my notes, to introduce various other services, but I do not see the necessity of complying.

As I have previously stated, I have no wish to make money at the expense of subscribers to these wires; all I want to do is to put them on the track of winning a little, at the lowest possible cost.

A NEW ADDITION.

I am, however, going to make one addition to this service, and that is in the form of an overnight message. One reader writes me, that he would like to have the wires, but he cannot deal with them, as he is away from home all day, and asks if I cannot advise him overnight.

I can quite understand that several other readers must be in the same position, and for that reason I am going to introduce an overnight message, the charge for which will be the same as the daily wire service, 5s. (five shillings) for five messages, or 1s. (one shilling) for a single message.

Those of my readers who care to do so, can continue to send me about half a dozen stamped addressed telegraph forms, on the understanding that for each winner sent, they will forward me the odds to 2s.

In the event of the first selection I send proving successful, I shall not send again until the amount due to me has been forwarded.

So the Bishop of Hereford has introduced his Anti-Racing Bill, which he is pleased to call "An Act for the suppression of gambling advertisements and circulars, and other public incitements to gambling and betting." But there is nothing to get alarmed about. The great national sport is not in the slightest danger, even though the Bishop were to introduce a Bill every day.

Some of the Points.

It must be admitted that there are some good points in the Bill, that, for instance, which calls for the suppression of gambling advertisements if, as I take it, the reverend gentleman refers to tipster advertisements.

There is not the slightest doubt that the public are imposed upon to a great extent by some of these sharps, who profess to sell information they do not possess. On the other hand, there are a few genuine people who trade honestly, even at the tipping business; but, as in everything else, the few must suffer for the transgressions of the many.

If the Bishop would rest content with the suppression of tipsters' "ads.," I do not think he would meet with a lot of opposition; but he also wants to provide the Postmaster-General with powers to refuse to grant facilities for the telegraphing or telephoning anything connected with betting in any shape or form, and also to refuse to mail anything in the same connection.

Further, the Bill provides a police constable with power to summarily arrest any person selling any newspaper which publishes prohibited matter. In short, it is very obvious that the main idea is to put a stop to gambling altogether.

Working Men and Liberty.

The public will stand a lot without kicking, but it is possible to go too far, and attempt to interfere with liberty, a thing the working man will not countenance for a moment, and that, in my opinion is what this Bill is driving at.

There is an old saying that you can take a horse to water, etc., and the same thing applies to the average man. You can take away racing, football, and every other public sport which allows of money being at stake between backer and layer, but you cannot stop a man gambling if the instinct is there, no matter what measures are brought in to prevent him.

To my mind, the Bishop has not got anything like a grip of his subject. For instance, he cannot have the slightest idea of the enormous amount of revenue that the State gains out of the game, or the vast number of people who depend on the man who gambles for their livelihood.

Oppose on Principle.

I wonder if the gentleman could hazard a guess as to how many twopences are expended in the course of the year on conversations relating to betting, or sixpences in telegraphing, all of which money goes to the State.

Those same conversations and telegraphic communications provide work for a number of persons who could otherwise be done without, a fact I venture to suggest the Bishop has overlooked, together with many others.

If this Bill goes through, an important point will h been gained by the kiljoys, and there is no telling how they will attempt to drive the wedge, having once got thin edge in; but, as I have already said, racing is no the slightest danger of being s[illegible]ed.

Nevertheless, it is up to every sportsman to oppose Bill on principle, not so much because of the effect it have if successful, but on account of what is likely to c after it, and because the liberty of the subject must preserved at all costs.

NOTTINGHAM—Monday.
Bramcote Handicap: SHELL.
Bolsover Handicap: SIR MAX.
Ratcliffe Selling Plate: CELLULOID.

Tuesday.
St. Albans Handicap: FLANDERS.
Holme Pierrepont Selling Plate: ANGELUS.
Newark Plate: PEGGY HYLAND.

BIBURY CLUB—Tuesday (at Salisbury).
Andover Stakes: GROWLER.
July Welter: ROYAL SYM.
Wilton Handicap: ORSOVA.
Salisbury Maiden Plate: MISS LETTICE FILLY.

Wednesday.
Bibury Cup: FORT.
Bibury Stakes: ROYAL TENDER.

Thursday.
Alington Plate: ST. GIRONS.
Downton Handicap: LOWLANDER

PONTEFRACT—Wednesday.
Yorkshire Selling Plate: LUSTRE.
Trial Handicap: PITMASTON.
Pontefract Welter Handicap: PROTESTANT BOY.

Thursday.
Great West Riding Plate: ROTS PRIDE.
Alexandra Handicap: SWEET MARJORIE COLT.

HAYDOCK PARK—Friday.
Great Central Handicap: SUCCOUR.

Saturday.
Old Newton Cup: KING'S CHAMPION.
Winwick Plate: HARESTONES.

The purchase of the *Sporting Times* by Mr. de We Fenton, and its amalgamation with the recently establish *Looking Glass* have now been completed.

PROGRESS AND EXTENSION OF THE WIRE SERVICE.

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Gold-plated safety-pin	6d.	Solid silver safety-pin	
Gold-plated lapel or cap badge	6d.	Solid silver lapel or cap badge	
Gold-plated pendant for watch chain	6d.	Solid silver pendant for watch-chain	6s.

9-ct. gold tie-pin, safety-pin, or pendant ..... 12s.
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Fill up the coupon, striking out the words which do not apply, enclo it with a P.O. to cover the price of the badge you select, and post fo letter to the Editor, THE MODERN MAN, Farringdon House, Farringd Street, E.C. Please write the word "League" on the top left-ha corner of your envelope.

APPLICATION FORM.

Please enrol me as a Member of THE MODERN MAN League and forw me a Badge of Membership, for which I enclose P.O. value.....

I desire the Badge to be of 18-ct. gold, 9-ct. gold, solid silver, go plated; and it is to be fitted as a tie-pin, a safety-pin, a pendant for t watch-chain, a lapel or cap badge. (Strike out the words which do n apply.)

Signature.....

Address.....

.....

THE OUTER MAN.

By CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

THE KING'S FROCK COAT.

My oft-expressed preference for the frock coat over the morning coat—for "full dress" be it understood— has caused some correspondents to accuse me of not moving with the times, and of clinging to an ancient and obsolete style of dress.

Well, if I am a slow coach I lag in good company—in fact in that of the First Gentleman in the land, and of the Man and Prince, who found it necessary to tell modern Young England, to which I presume my critics belong, to "wake up."

In a word, the King on his recent visit to Harrow wore a dark frock coat.

At Ascot His Majesty wore a frock coat on each day he was there, a medium grey on the first day, a light grey on the second, and a dark one on the third.

Of course, because I like a frock coat that is no reason you should do so. I am merely pointing out to those who share my predilections for the "frocker" and are twitted about being behind the times that they can triumphantly retort "Well, the King wears one."

If the King's taste were not good enough for anybody and everybody, which, of course, it is, I may mention that at Ascot many of the best dressed men in town wore "frockers," though I admit that the morning coat predominated among those who do *not* lead the fashions.

Incidentally I may mention that the frock coat is now not so much a coat as a suit. That is, coat, vest and trousers are all cut from the same material, even in quite dark shades. I admit that except in the lighter greys this is apt to look a trifle funereal. But there you are, it is the fashion, and the rather sombre effect is relieved by white vest-slip and white spats, or boots with light coloured uppers.

WHO LEADS MEN'S FASHIONS?

In connection with the King's dress and also a lecturer's recent suggestion that we should all wear the kilt, I notice it has been stated that the Stock Exchange lead men's fashions.

It is true that, certain millionaires excepted, the stock-brokers and jobbers are a well-dressed lot, but I question their being the pioneers of new masculine fashions.

Loyalty will not induce me to pretend that the King either is a pioneer of fashion. He is constitutional in dress as in other things, and does not seek to introduce startling innovations.

What His Majesty wears, and it was the same with his father before him, is the dress of an English gentleman, but it is not necessarily the height of fashion.

Leading actors are often credited with setting our fashions, but while admitting that it was Sir George Alexander who introduced the creased-down-the-middle trouser (a pure accident, I believe) and the flannel collar (not altogether a success), I think the sartorial influence of the actor is exaggerated.

I should say that our fashions originate partly between a small but well-known knot of West End clubmen and the leading West End tailors.

The party alluded to, though anything but effeminate, are deeply interested in dress, and either originate new styles or set the seal of their approval upon inventions emanating from Savile Row.

The Stock Exchange, I should say, copies the little set referred to, and so quickly that it gets a credit for originality which it does not deserve.

THE STRUGGLE FOR SUPREMACY.

We cannot close our eyes to the fact that in the present fierce struggle for existence, everyone is engaged in a struggle with his neighbour for supremacy. It therefore behoves us all to know (if only for our own protection against the unscrupulous) how to influence others.

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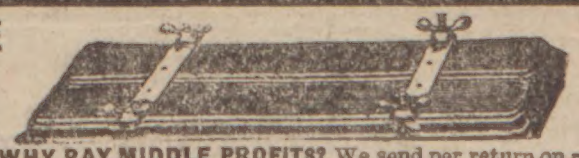

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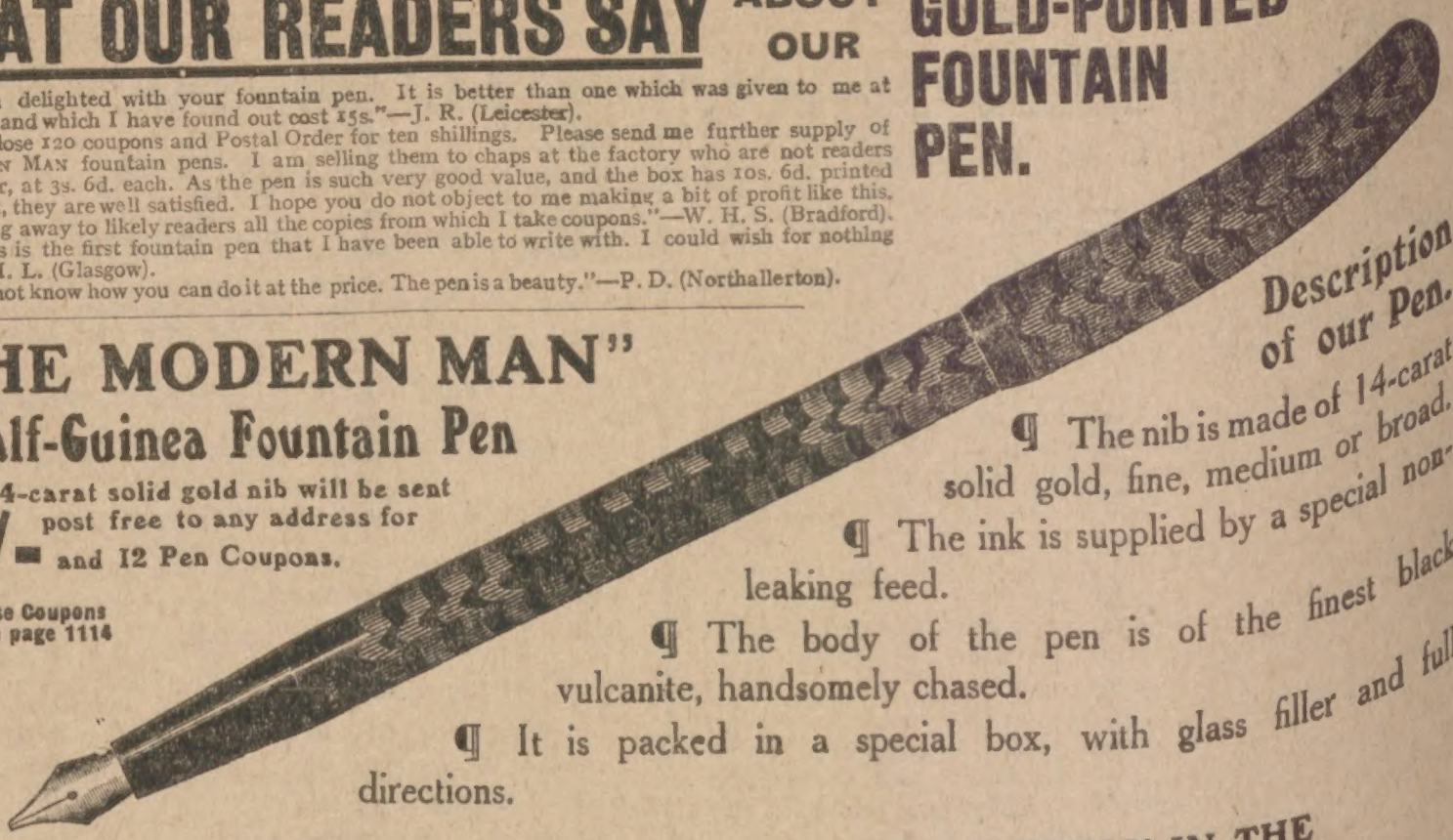

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